

ABSTRACT IDENTITIES

ELMHURST COLLEGE LIBRARY
814.52852A

ABSTRACT IDENTITIES\$ NEW YORK
C001



3 2311 00107 381 9

ELMHURST COLLEGE



MEMORIAL LIBRARY



In Process of Publication by the
same Author

Concrete Identities

Being those of his Public Addresses
which take Character from the Sub-
ject of his Profession

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
G. LORING PIERCE, A. M., M.D.

PUBLISHED BY
THE SURRY BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK

852a

ABSTRACT IDENTITIES

BY WILLIAM P. STEWART

*Being those of his Speeches and Inter-
views which do not directly identify him
with the subject of his profession, col-
lected and edited by*

G. LORING PIERCE, A.M., M.D.



Published by
THE SURRY BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY
THE SURRY BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK

MADE BY
THE WERNER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER
CAPT. JOHN STEWART
REGRETTING THAT HE DIED
BEFORE I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO
RECOLLECT HIM

3

CONTENTS*

	PAGE
PREFACE - - - - -	7
- DISCOURSE ON THE SEX PROBLEM - - - - -	13
DECADENCE OF SENTIMENT - - - - -	26
TRIBUTE TO VANCOUVER - - - - -	39
THE AMERICAN-HISPANO WAR - - - - -	44
KINDERGARTEN PUPILS ENTERTAINED - - - - -	48
THE COMING OF WOMAN - - - - -	55
THE CUBAN QUESTION - - - - -	64
THE SIGNS AND PORTENTS OF THE HOUR - - - - -	69
THE POWER OF SENTIMENT - - - - -	74
THE LOVING CUP - - - - -	76
THE CLAIMS OF THE SAILOR - - - - -	81
- THE BRITISH EMPIRE <i>vs.</i> THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC - - - - -	88
MESSAGE BY A CARRIER PIGEON - - - - -	90
HONOR TO THE PHYSICIAN - - - - -	93
STORY OF A NUGGET - - - - -	97
TRIBUTE TO LITTLE ROCK - - - - -	104
THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR - - - - -	120
HAWAIIAN CUSTOMS - - - - -	127
AUSTRALIA—GOOD-BYE! - - - - -	137
AS OTHERS SEE US - - - - -	141
AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION - - - - -	154
INTERVIEW ON AUSTRALIA - - - - -	167
IMPETUS TO TRADE - - - - -	175
WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY - - - - -	178

* These titles are not, in many cases, those under which these speeches originally appeared.—Ed.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR



IT HAS long been urged upon the subject of this book, that he should make a collection of his public utterances in such shape that they might be available for general reading.

Yielding to this importunity, Mr. Stewart has consented that I should make the desired collection, in so far as the data could now be had, as having his recognition, but subject to the following limitations:—

1st:— That I should eliminate everything that might appear as in the nature of the personal.

2nd:— That there should be published only those* speeches which have been reported by the press, and these as they originally appeared, subject only to the necessary eliminations and piecings-to which

* The larger number of Mr. Stewart's speeches were not reported verbatim, — hence are not available here. A few of his interviews have been included.— Ed.

the restrictions here imposed should call for.

Lastly, that all newspaper encomium and, so far as practicable, all preface should be omitted.

Mr. Stewart reasons that the strength and position lent him by the circumstances giving birth to these sayings were, strictly speaking, not always wholly his. That the buttress of prominent personalities, and the staging of bold headlines and favoring editorials by the press were for the time, the locality and the particularly favoring circumstances, and not, fairly, for the individual removed from these and circumstanced as he might afterwards come to be, except as with the subsequent consent of all parties thereto, which death, time and the changed currents of life would render impossible.

Naturally, Mr. Stewart would have liked to maintain the respective identities of his speeches as at first set, by naming here their responsible friends, and giving space to those co-relations of their own which gave to his so brilliant a framing. Especially, would he have liked to mention those who were joined as guests to do him honor, and so to have been able to read at will, in this permanent form, the illustrious names that were associ-

ated as sponsors for the banquet occasions here made manifest.

But to have permitted statement of all this, in literal reproduction here, he felt would have convicted him of deliberate self-puffing, and perhaps of planning for a business end, and this in a form without countenance in the canons of good taste.

For the newspaper courtesies and encomiums he has received, he frankly takes this occasion to express his grateful appreciation, and to confess freely to a feeling of regret that he could not have had preserved here the evidence of the one without the pruning away of the testimony of the other.

To him, the presentation of his speeches in this simple dress, appears as the stripping of the music from the song, and challenging for the sense, alone, the consideration that was given, perhaps, only to the presence in which it had been first expressed.

If stripped of their circumstance, and naked even of the author's voice, these speeches shall be held to repay the general reader, he will feel, indeed, that he has been doubly blessed by the friends whose friendship is thus to be commemorated;—doubly in that they first made it possible for him to do these things, and then insisted on their present association.

These speeches enclose a wide range of view, and cover many subjects apparently far apart, and yet they will be found to easily enough accommodate themselves to one another, and all to give setting to their author as properly his — Abstract Identities.

G. LORING PIERCE, M. A., M. D.

NEW YORK, *January 1st, 1901.*

NOTE.—*This preface applies to the complete collection as separated into its two characters,—the non-professional and the professional,—as “Abstract Identities” and “Concrete Identities.”*
—Ed.

[From the Omaha Daily Bee, Omaha, Thursday, September 8, 1898.]

DISCOURSE ON THE SEX PROBLEM

AS OPPOSITELY VIEWED BY MAN AND
WOMAN

*M*RS. FRANCES M. FORD, president of the Bureau of Education of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, assisted by many members of the Economic Science Bureau of the Woman's Club of Omaha, gave a reception at her residence last night, to Mr. William P. Stewart of New York.

In this reception to the speaker, were included Miss Theodora C. Wadsworth; Miss Fay Fuller, the talented young journalist from Tacoma, Wash., representative of "The State" at the exposition; Mrs. Alice Harriman, journalist, of Minneapolis, and Professor McWhood, representative of Columbia University of New York, at the exposition.

Mr. Stewart had been informed that he would be expected to say something interesting to woman, and he did not disappoint this expectation.

MR. STEWART'S ADDRESS

Ladies of the Woman's Club of Omaha, Associate Guests, and Visitors: This is my first call before woman as a body distinctly dealing with the economic problems of life. I have known of your advancement to the consideration of all these problems, as by yourselves and of yourselves, and in the character of teachers and learners, but aside from reading newspaper reports of your deliberations and conclusions, I have no actual knowledge of your existence.

Therefore, when the honor of this reception was tendered me I was openly and secretly pleased. Openly, because of the fresh experience that was to be mine in identity with the great woman-current of this century; and secretly, because of the manner of its statement.

Your brilliant hostess, in her gracious endeavor to remove from my mind any sense of special obligation, and to comfort me with a proof of the ease with which I might address you, said: "You will be received

under the auspices of the Department of Social Economics of the Woman's Club of Omaha, which has for its province the entire social question. It is comprised of bright minds, of course, and of earnest and devoted workers, and embraces in its membership the most thoroughly womanly representatives of our city.

"But you need not worry over the fact of your invitation, or conceive yourself as thus called upon to make some specially brilliant effort—because as under the burden of some specially conferred honor. This is the time and circumstance of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Everybody comes here and we are on a watch for every man and woman who can contribute a ray of light in any direction, for in all directions is the woman seeking and of all things is she anxious to know.

"This department of our club, then, is simply to be regarded as a great human octopus, which stretches out its tentacles in every direction and gathers in all within their reach.

"You happen to be in the city and within reach. As others were found you have been found, and you will have to submit with the best grace you may, for from this octopus there is no escape, because, as you understand, it is a woman." [Laughter.]

Now, I said, in the beginning, that I was both openly and secretly pleased with the tenor of this honor, and I will now tell you why "secretly." The idea of a woman-octopus was to me new and delightfully suggestive. The vision of being sought out and gathered in by her tentacles was the very opposite of that associated with the creature itself as yet in its primary stages of evolution. [Laughter.]

But then came the question of the subject, for I was expected, after all, to make you something of a timely talk, and herein lay my real difficulty.

In my dilemma, I turned to a lady friend, and asked her on what topic I should predicate my discourse.

She replied, after the American fashion, "On what lines are you usually most inspired?"

I replied, promptly, "On those lines I know the least about."

"Then give us a talk on woman," she said. [Laughter.]

Ladies, of these suggestions is my theme to-night. I shall talk to you about—

WOMAN AS AN OCTOPUS.

[SENSATION]

The first view of my subject is naturally suggested by its title, and the popular

understanding of the nature and powers of the octopus.

It is not for you, sensible women that you are, to learn from me that there is a large element of my sex who, without this distinction by title, nevertheless regard your present irruption into their work-domain as of the nature of the octopus.

Stand with me, if you will, a few moments, and let us see, from the point of view of the man, what you have done, and what you are seeking to do, and let us see if our title has not something of a fact-significance, playfully assumed though it be.

You have become ministers, physicians, and lawyers, and you aspire to become statesmen. You have become artists, authors, and journalists, and you aspire to become financiers. Dentistry, pharmacy, and the applied arts have succumbed to you.

You are already a legion in the minor avocations of trade, of industry, and of commerce. You preside over the transmission of thought, from the telephone to the typewriter. You are traders, merchants, and capitalists, and all this as a competitor of man. For you are not doing this with the thought of him, as your objective or goal newly planned.

You are not seeking to amass a fortune, that you may marry a dependent. You are not seeking to become famous, that you may wed a nobody. You are not seeking to invest yourself with all the graces, that you may reflect them on the untrained as a husband. Now, if you are to love, it must be to love a man who can command your deference. If you are to marry it must be to an equal of your fortune, or to one who can take you from your subjection to labor and invest you with all, at least, that you would have won for yourself.

This is where the nature of the octopus would appear. Men cry out upon your present agitation and aggression as against the destroyer. They say that you are murdering love; that you are pulling down the walls of home and burying the cradle. They say that you are unfair in your method, astray in your movement, and reckless of consequences; that you are being supported by them while you plan their undoing; that you have been given a larger basis of culture at the cost of their loving denial, only to employ it as a gift, ungratefully used against the giver. They say you compete in prices of service while winning preference by your beauty of attire and

your charm of sex, and despairingly they cry out :—

“WHAT IS TO BECOME OF US?”

Do you think this is not pathetic? That it is but of my tongue only, and not of the later and now impending crisis?

Think of the condition of things when homes commit suicide, when entire families deliberately die in such a city as New York, because the husband and father—the hitherto recognized bread-winner—cannot earn the sufficient support of a home as against the competition of the one who strives but for herself.

As of the surface, man's arraignment of you would appear to be just. But let the man now cross over, and judge as from your point of view. So much, at least, he must accord you at the start.

All of the rights of individuality.

All the opportunities vouchsafed by nature.

All the equalities of order.

It is useless to consult the past. It is of no authority here. The twentieth century is to be a closing in of another cell of the nautilus, from which it will have removed into its later-fashioned and larger chamber. But, as in the case of the nautilus, whose closed-in chamber has made for

buoyancy, the dead past has made for progress. It is here I turn to

THE "WOMAN" IN MY TITLE.

There are always the dead in the path of progress. There are always the dying at the threshold of success. The first thought of existence is war. The very beat of the heart is strife. The contention is for Self.

The consciousness of individuality once born, is alive forever, and the primary nature of life is the condition of an endless struggle.

Woman can no more declare a truce than man, no more surrender her individuality than he, no more resignedly accept death. Man has no right to deal with her as the individuality swallowed up in the generality of her sex.

Nor is the sanity more apparent, of the social throe that would seek the obliteration of the individual in some law-bound system of social relevation and equation. It is not the dead level of the sea that stirs us to the more of life, but its currents and its tumults. It is not the flat reaches of the earth that inspire us the more, but its diversity of mountain and valley.

Thus it is with the question before us.

Nature abhors the commonplace. Everywhere she is bent on the different and

the something better. She strives not for the one, but for the many, and yet it is always in the one that she uprears, and though her ideal is always a composite mind, a blended soul, it is never as the blur of the many, but always as the distinctive One.

The time has come when woman is no longer to be judged by her skirt, but by her individuality. She is determined to be the "I am" of the kingdom of self, and to be recognized as an entity. In this she cannot be regarded as in the wrong. As men, we feel this, and acknowledge the justice, and yet we know that it is an admission that must necessarily restate the industrial, if not the social, relations of the sexes.

But let us look forth from the standpoint of the woman. Heretofore the goal of her sex has been marriage. The hope and romance of the individual have been the coming of the disguised prince. This condition of things no longer satisfies, because of the more complex relation of life, because of the larger disappointments and vicissitudes experienced by those who miss-step in the progress of events.

It has been the law of her sex, that the young woman must wait for the lover, and waiting has not brought him to the arms

of all who would have welcomed him. The failure, in this respect, has been a growing one, the consequences to the expectant maiden the more and more serious with every decade.

For the young woman to miss marriage was to miss the freedom of her sex, the proper fullness of its life, and yet the man who failed to appear, seemingly missed nothing.

For the waiting maiden, there was always the scarecrow of the old maid—that cruel butt of those who had been safely gathered into the marriage circle, or of those who wandered yet in its outlying gardens of courtship.

For the old maid, there was simply the position of the hanger-on, but for the bachelor-old-man there was always the independence of the world's recognized place-maker.

Herein lies the secret of the present conflict.

All the science of our day argues the necessity of building guarantees with respect to the future, and woman has caught the inspiration and is reaching out for herself.

Her story of need is as pitiable as that of man's; her right to work is as old as his; her ability to achieve to equal alti-

tudes may be still in doubt, but her right to climb cannot be gainsaid.

If she were sure of marriage, she would still prefer to be the genius of the home—the first to minister at the cradle, the last to linger at the bier.

But in the present age of literal relations, she sees the necessity of a double qualification—that of being able to care for self primarily, and that of so qualifying her understanding that she may be the truer wife and the happier mother.

At present, there is open to her only the avenues to compensation and to competency as laid out by man, and in her rush along these, borne as she is by the growing number of her sex, she is recklessly and helplessly his competitor. She is a crowd that begins to flatten him against his own doorpost, and in the crush surely some will die. But the old maid will have been rescued, and the hitherto wallflower of unmarketable beauty will find herself a vigorous and fragrant product of successful industry.

But, of the woman as an octopus, let us indulge a closing word.

Of every form in nature there is the antithesis, or other extreme; and in the human germ there is conserved all that has gone before.

Hitherto, man has been the octopus, whose tentacles have gathered in the world. In life's earlier history, he lurked viciously in the depths, like the prototype of my text; but of this century, he has been only as the broadening spirit of benignity, that sought only that he might bless, and of this fact is the present growing enfranchisement of woman.

Is woman, then, in her new-found power, to be first the octopus, soullessly all-grasping and destructive? Or is she to be the still farther evolution of the spirit of benignity—the step in advance of man?

I should say, her present unrest is the sign of a larger general life-birth, her present outreaching but the yearning of a grander motherhood that will not enfold to devour but—to nurse.

Ladies, I thank you. Gentlemen, I have the honor. [Applause and congratulations.]

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

THE following address first appeared in the Dubuque Daily Times, but it subsequently appeared in other papers—notably the Omaha Bee. At its conclusion Mr. Stewart was almost unanimously pressed upon to continue the line of his poetic analysis in a second lecture, and this he gave on the Saturday evening following. As it is Mr. Stewart's purpose to give this subject a more deliberate treatment when a later opportunity occurs, the substance of the second lecture is omitted from this collection, particularly as it would add too much to the size of this book, and give too much of a preponderance to the matter of poetic quotation.

[From the Dubuque Daily Times, Saturday, August 27, 1898.]

THE DECADENCE OF SENTIMENT

ADDRESS BEFORE THE DUBUQUE
SUMMER SCHOOL

THE closing session of the Dubuque Summer School on Friday morning was one of the most interesting of all the interesting and instructive sessions of the entire series, and this may be truly said without in the least detracting from anything that had taken place before.

The special attraction of the hour was an address delivered at the request of friends and educators by Mr. Wm. P. Stewart, of New York City, who had come to Dubuque on business of an entirely different nature a day or two previous. On account of the literary taste of his hearers, most of whom were teachers from the public schools of Iowa and other States of the Northwest, he took as his subject

"DECADENCE OF SENTIMENT."

Mr. Stewart was introduced by Professor Horchen, one of the managers of the Summer School, in a few well-chosen remarks, expressive of the pleasure they were expecting to derive from his forthcoming address.

It is practically impossible to render the full address of the speaker, particularly his many quotations from contemporary poets, but we print below the introduction and the more salient portions of his argument:—

Managers, Teachers, and Visitors: Night before last I arrived here on a personal mission, after three days of the hottest travel I have, seemingly, ever experienced, and I have been in some very hot countries in my time. Yesterday morning I was captured by the fascinating suggestion that I should make an impromptu address before the Summer School of the teachers of Iowa and their visiting coadjutors from other States.

Naturally, I had objections to such a sudden impressment of my speechmaking ability, but those were overruled by the friends who were urging me to the step.

On consideration of the subject I should take as the thesis of my discourse, I was told that I was not to address you upon the matter of my own profession, as that, of course, would mean empty seats; nor was I to address you on any of those general lines of instruction with which you yourselves have been engaged, and with which your minds might be supposed to be already sufficiently weary. Summing up this general caution, I concluded that I was not to talk to you upon the subject with which I was most familiar, nor upon any subject of which you might be supposed to have a definite understanding. [Laughter.]

I said I was captured by the fascinating suggestion of having to make a talk to the teachers of Iowa, because the opportunity to see the mind-builders of the State that boasts that it has within its borders no illiterate child, would be the realization again of one of my most gratifying desires—the coming into inspirational touch with that professional life which I regard as the most exalted.

Surely, if I have ever been inspired to say aught that would justify the flattering introductory encomium of the press of Du-buque, it should be on this occasion, when I am confronted by so many wise heads and pretty faces.

In an off-hand way, I said my subject would be the "Decadence of Sentiment." I do not mean you to understand that I believe there is really a decadence of sentiment, but I have taken the title thus unqualifiedly, because there is a widespread and growing popular belief that such is the fact; which belief is injuriously reacting upon itself, and, if unwarranted, is a species of mischief which the true teacher would only too gladly counteract.

As I view the case, there is no real decadence of sentiment, as of humanity, but there is of some of its wonted modes of expression. This is especially true of poetry — its hitherto regarded high priest.

You and I know, as of our own experience, that we now rarely indulge in the reading of poetry except as it is found as a part of our curriculum of study. The daily papers are full of jokes at the expense of the poet. The style of jocularity indulged in would appear to rate him with the daft and incomplete.

For one in the more serious concerns of life to be charged with the frailty of rhyme-making is really to single him out for a sort of amazement, if not for a lessening of regard. For the woman to write poetry is simply to manifest the otherwise charming and condonable weaknesses of her sex. In

this respect it is not the "Jekyll" side of your nature that you are to conceal, but that of the "Mr. Hyde."

It is felt by the better minds that this passing away of the old-time reverence for poetry is to be lamented, and that it should be organized against through the schools, and a revivification of the bard and his songs established. Hence, we have the present interest in the poets and their poetry manifested by the teachers generally throughout the English-speaking world.

As you know there is in this a definitely concerted action, and by its means the hope and expectation of restoring to the world, in its present growing generation, its old-time veneration for things spiritual and sacred.

But, if poetry, considered as sentiment, is decadent as of nature and humanity, or decadent as of the more complex relations into which life is socially developing, must we not ask, "Is the revitalizing of poetry as heretofore constructed to be the cure?" The up-coming generation must see things from the standpoint of ourselves. As we have thus grown to be literal, notwithstanding our own training as of decades ago, and in the very lap of old-time sentiment, will not the new generations, and still the newer, grow up to be still the more literal, and

the more averse to rhymes as having still the more literal conclusions of life to govern them?

But if sentiment is not decadent, and if it is poetry alone, considered as one of its modes of expression, merely, then the problem which confronts the teacher is this: Whether poetry is decadent as of its own nature, or of the crudities and defects that timely understanding may eliminate?

We might ask, in the first place, if poetry had any right to the assumption of high priest, or, in its present garb, to any near priesthood to sentiment?

As optimists, we should have to conclude, not that our common nature was growing less ethereal or sublimated, but that poetry was becoming obsolete, that we were outgrowing it, and that in itself it was no longer sufficiently remunerative for the effort and attention it demanded.

Poetry, as a rule, is hard reading, while every effort of civilized life is in the trend of making things easy, smooth, and simple. Poetry, as a vernacular, is in nothing an improvement on prose, and unless it be the special function of some special sense, it is certain to be drowned and swallowed up by the fairer charms of its younger sister.

The great poet of the past was regarded as a great oracle—one of the especially inspired, but with our literal mind of to-day we fail to see wherein the claim is to be sustained. If it is a story told by the poet, we find the story as told by the modern novelist far more interesting and dramatic. If it is an effort of pure imagining, the idealist in prose is found to be the more understandable and believable.

There is for poetry swing and rhyme alone, and this is so easily to be mistaken for the essence of the poetic as to be its bane, and perhaps the true reason for the present discredit into which the whole art is fallen. As for rhyme, no phase of it can equal the possibilities of prose.

But I am not here to-day to condemn poetry any more than I am here to confess to the decadence of sentiment. I am not here to shatter your idols and leave you without the altars upon which you were wont to lay the tender tributes of emotion. I am not here as the iconoclast, ambitious solely to revel in the pride of his prowess, but as the builder, who would but first make way for the more desirable structure already designed, for I will show you before I am through that there is to be a new poet and a new poetry, in fact a new poetic era, to which the scholastic mind is

instinctively turning, and of which the present efforts to revitalize the poetry of the past are the awakening manifestations.

It is not that sentiment is dead or dying, but that it is alive, and very much more alive than it has ever been before in the realm of the world's intellect. Think, if you can, what a flood of uplifting and ennobling sentiment poured in upon the general mind from the stanzas of the poet who wrote in oil lamps, in gas jets, and in electric bulbs. Think of the magnificent odes that have been sung in the steel plow and the sewing machine. Think of the grand epics that are found in the railroad engine and the ocean steamer.

Edison is a dreamer of the most exalting and exalted poetry. Morse left behind him a deathless volume of song, and Field translated it to the uttermost parts of the world. So like are dreamer and poet. But in no one mode is sentiment expressed, and to no single life confined. It has always the world's width in the one great purpose—the God-intended and the still God-inspired—the refining and spiritualizing of sentiency.

But of the poet of the past—and I fear me he is very much of the past—let us look in upon him, if you will, and see, if we may, what are the causes of his decline. That he has declined is a fact shown by the records of the publishers. For the last

ten years there have been no new editions of the poets. There has, of course, been the stray volume of the stray poet, and there has been the now-and-then volume of the present recognized genius of his class, to whose living personality we come with more or less the instinctive tribute to ability, but of the dead poet there is but little re-urning of the ashes.

I have here a volume of selected poems supposed to include the more succinctly inspired and the more distinctly best; and yet if this were to be regarded as the volume of any one poet and we were to lay down those ordinary rules of guidance by which we should expect to be governed in dealing with the merits of any proposition that was to appeal successfully to the common judgment, we should find ourselves selecting, again, but the one or two manifestly the better, to be carried forward to some still superior collection.

Thus we perceive that poetry of the past has not made itself concrete of sentiment as it has been revealed in sculpture, painting, architecture, in the printing press, or in the loom.

The strength, plot, and analysis of Mr. Stewart's argument were carried forward in the relation of an experience he had had with

a noted journalist and critic on the subject of poetry, in consequence of which a test had been made of the different leading English and American poets which vindicated his theory—the justice of which was evidently concurred in by his present audience. In the relation of this experience Mr. Stewart outlined what should be regarded as the true standard by which poetic excellence should be measured.

As a single example of the wonderful powers of analysis possessed by Mr. Stewart, we quote as follows:—

So much for the simple structure and its requisite, but there is the standard of the higher intellect and of yet the grander aspiration; this standard demands the sweeter scintillations of truth, the more picturesque metaphor, the simplicity of prose, the logically and symmetrically defined continuity of thought, and this from a natural beginning to a definite ending.

By these lights let us read one of Longfellow's best poems. I bring to this task a spirit of reverence, for of all poets Longfellow has been my favorite from a boy.

Let us take one of his most charming and popular:—

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose song gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music;
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

In the very first verse the author has made an error in physics, and has employed a false metaphor.

The shadows of night do not descend; on the contrary they rise. As the rays of light are intercepted by the surface of the earth in its turning from the sun, night simply becomes the absence of these rays, hence, it should have been said "the shadows of night fly upward," which, of course, disposes of the metaphor of the "downward" feather—in itself not a common occurrence, and in nothing significant of night.

Then we have in the second and third verses another error, both in metaphor and physics. The statement is made that he has a sadness that is not akin to pain, and yet that resembles sorrow as mist resembles rain. Well, mist is but fine rain; it

certainly is of the same nature as rain, and by condensation becomes rain.

Then the thesis of the poem carries with it a false appeal. It is for a reading, not from the great masters of poetry, but from the obscure and humble; and the conditions under which this humble poet is to give utterance to his soul are such that, as seen in every-day life, it would be absurd to expect of it any such realization—especially such as could ever find successful publicity—much less a place among the treasured volumes of learning.

This poem has a grace and a charm, that is of structure and of the poetic supposition; and yet, as measured by the mechanical rule of the schools, it is at fault in nearly every verse.

[From the *World*, Vancouver, B. C., June 11, 1898.]

TRIBUTE TO VANCOUVER

MR. WILLIAM P. STEWART, OF NEW YORK,
SEES MUCH TO ADMIRE IN
VANCOUVER

THE "World's" reporter found Mr. Stewart at Hotel Vancouver, and of the two hours and a half charmed away by him, in very interesting talk, some particular passages are here given verbatim:—

I am delighted with the natural beauties of Vancouver. This is what first impresses me on a visit to a new place. I consider whether the inspiration of its growth is of Nature or of the accidental developments of trade. If of trade alone, then it is to be always as the habitation of avarice and grind. It is to miss the loftier ideals, and to catch on in the march of great events

as always the commonplace. It will be thrifty, but it will always be heavy. It will build homes, but they will always be the literal. It will have its dreams, but they will be of the factory, the counting-house, and the mint; of the mansion, the boulevard, and the opera, the accumulated of its first concurrence—trade.

But when the inspiration is of Nature, when its shore scenes are as from the brush of the painter, when its sky-lines are broken by the serrated peaks of lofty mountains that are as changeable as the skies themselves, then it is to be first and always the home of the poet and lover, of the hearthstone and the altar. Its history is to be written on the title-pages of its nation, its name emblazoned on the roll of those achievements that make for a people's patriotism and a country's honor.

It is not often that a city is so beautiful in its topography and yet so favorably circumstanced with respect to the inevitable concurrences of commerce. Vancouver has a harbor that would receive the British navy, and yet one so shielded by its hills that a yawl boat might cross it in safety in any weather. This harbor is hidden away in from the Pacific Ocean, and entered finally by a pass so narrow that no enemy could force a passage.

The city is one of the four geographical out-ports and in-ports along the world's shortest lines of international communication. It has at hand inexhaustible supplies of coal and lumber. The great salmon cannery establishments of the world are here, and its halibut is now sent as far east as Boston. It has the finest codfish known. Its water supply is of the purest, and economical of delivery; and, near by, there is the, as yet, unemployed water-power that would supply the street-traction and light of a city of great proportions.

The two great lines of steamers that connect you with the Orient and Antipodes are surely the precursors of a fleet to follow, when China is pushed more to the front, and Manila becomes the début of America into the new balance of diplomatic compact.

The long-delayed era of the Pacific has arrived. The new eastward tide of the empire is to meet the western in mid-ocean and project a new storm-centre. Shall the Asiatic roll back the West or shall the Anglo-Saxon push in upon the East?

The Nicaragua Canal is to be constructed. The Hawaiian Islands are to become step-ways in the new bridging between the continents. China is to be gridironed

with railroads, and the Pacific is to be covered with ships. The struggle of the great nations of the world for supremacy is now on, but victory will ultimately be with those with whom Nature fights. In some measure it will be the question of the biggest guns, and these must be in sight; but in the broader struggle it will be the relative genius of the contending races, and the larger means and facilities of exchange.

It is in this phase of the impending revolution that Vancouver and her rival cities of the Sound are to be important. Here Destiny is manifest. Vancouver is unmistakably a point of projection. The trend is on, and no inspiration wanting. The measure is no longer of centuries, but of years. The future of Vancouver is but just over its stupendous Coast Range.

But I like to dwell more on the spiritual side of things. It is not what cities shall grow the biggest factories, but the biggest human energies; not which shall send forth the biggest ships, but the greatest men. For this there must be the home—its inspirations, its aspirations, and its consecrations; and these are not a matter of coal or of lumber or of ships or railroads, but of Nature in her more spiritual revelations and affinities.

The child born in Vancouver must grow up proud of his nativity. He will have come of the world's great nation, of its noble flag, of its rich traditions, and of an incomparable city beauty. As I gaze upon the waters of your harbor just now, I am reminded of the beauty of the entrance to Auckland, with its background of thirty-four extinct volcanic craters, which, first seen, the voyager deems no harbor-way can be more beautiful; but when the frowning gates of Sydney are entered, and the wonderful panorama of their enclosing sides are viewed, then Auckland no longer enchants, and the more fairy-like Sydney waves the magic wand.

The sentiment and courage of Vancouver will always be of the beauty of its harbor and the sublimity of its hills. Of such things are the world's great poets and its stalwart patriots born.

[From the Colonist, Victoria, B. C., June 8, 1898.]

THE AMERICAN-HISPANO WAR

MR. WM. P. STEWART'S VIEWS ON THE ALL-
ABSORBING ISSUES OF THE DAY

AMONG yesterday's morning arrivals from up the Sound was Mr. Wm. P. Stewart of New York.

Mr. Stewart was found at the Driard Hotel, and in response to inquiries on the general heads, expressed himself as follows:—

In my judgment, the war now pending between Spain and the United States is to prove one of the greatest potentialities for the progress of the world it has ever experienced. In years to come, the impartial historian of his country will say of this war that it created a new era for civilization, and gave to the word "Humanity" a new significance.

As strange and paradoxical as the statement may appear Spain herself will be the ultimate gainer, though she can hope for nothing but defeat now. As it was with the South of my own country, in the overthrow of slavery, so will it be with Spain—the birth of a new spirit that will achieve for it a larger recompense in fairer channels.

In this struggle a new world's power is born. The late Civil War made us a Union—for the first time admitted—one and indissolvable, and the present war has already, and for the first time, crystallized us into a nation—definite in character, energy, and purpose.

The issue of the Civil War is the issue now,—as it has been the issue in the past of all our struggles, and, as I firmly believe it will be the issue of every struggle to come—an appeal to humanity, and a response as of humanity. Hence, I say, this is the world's fight, and that it will one day be regarded by all nations as a world's victory.

Yes, I think the United States will retain the mastery of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands until they grow stable governments of their own. To this the conqueror will be committed by every instinct of humanity and duty. In fact, the

present exigencies of international relations would seem to make this action on the part of the United States imperative.

The world has turned from East to West. It has turned up the Pacific as its new bosom, and it is upon this that its new progeny of progress is to be nursed into being. Into this new domain there is but the one apparent highway, and that is along the parallels that range from San Francisco to Victoria, with nature favoring the northern extreme.

It is difficult to see wherein all the cities of the Sound are not to be partners and participants, irrespective of their dividing lines of government. The community of interest will soon be too apparent to admit of petty cross-purposes. There will be rivalries, of course, and these are to be welcomed as the inspiration that will always rouse the higher activities into being; but there can be no substantial success for the one city, that shall not benefit the others.

This war has directed not only the eyes of eastern capitalists to this part of the country, but those of the generally adventurous capital of Europe as well. As the general press of the world repeated from city to hamlet the wonderful stories of the gold found in the Klondike, and

poured in upon you a vast tide of ambitious life, so have the notes and revelations of this war gone from city to town, sowing its like germinating hints of the new world that is now for enterprise to seek and win.

[From The Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock, April 13, 1898.]

KINDERGARTEN PUPILS ENTERTAINED

MR. WM. P. STEWART, of New York, after being entertained by the children, in turn delightfully entertained them, the teachers, and friends, by a charming talk, and the presentation of quarter-dollar coins to each of the children and teachers, as the symbol and text of an entirely original exposition of power.

Miss Hough, Teachers, Visiting Friends and Children: Yesterday morning I accepted an invitation to address this school; but not until last night did I come to consider the undertaking and to realize the fact fully, that I was to talk to children—just little tots of girls and boys.

Do you think I was not scared? That the idea of having to make himself to be understood by such little folks was not alarming to the speaker? He had frequently

addressed grown-up scholars and assemblies of men and women on all ranges of endeavor and attainment, but never before a playground of but scarcely emancipated babies.

Heretofore, I have had but to supply the speech, and the audience supplied the understanding; but on this occasion, I realized that I was up against the problem of all problems—the evolution of mind, and this in its primary stages. The very name of the school, “Kindergarten,”—German for child-garden,—precluded the treatment of a weighty subject, or the indulgence of scholastic terms.

I had been at home with the fathers and mothers, and now I was to be abroad with the children—an easy enough task, if one were to join them in a chase for butterflies, but to have them join with one in a hunt through the perplexing tangles of mind-growth, for a new gleam of understanding, this were a task of the very opposite nature; and yet, this is the task in which all here are engaged, either as teachers or patrons, earnest for child-culture. And why shall I not, like you, gather inspiration from the occasion, and make the hour count in the sum of all the life into which these lives may enter?

The motto of my life has always been, “We trying do”; and if it fails me on this

occasion, it will be the first time it has failed in so good an aim.

The aspiration of all life is the attainment of power, and power is the present need and the eternal gain of every child born into the world. Primarily, power is instinctive and germinal, and conscious as the will; but to develop it into wholesome fruition is the inspiration of the teacher, and the attainment wrought by the organization of the school.

By these means the child is first taught to talk, and then to think, and to write correctly—and of its sequence, to grow into the graceful, the artistic, and the idealistic; the intrinsic and basic requirements being that the child shall be taught from the first rightly, and broadly to conceive of life in its interrelations and dependencies; so that, to the end, humanity may be enriched by every child-life born into it, and the goal of every child-life made the resplendent and the inspiring.

With so much said by way of explanation and introduction for the teachers and visitors, let me see if I can so talk to the children, that they may receive into their plastic minds, as an indelible impression, the distinction between the right and wrong use of power.

Children, do you know what money is?

General answer, "Yes." How many of you have had a quarter-dollar silver piece? General answer, "I have." What kind of a bird is stamped on one side of it? Several voices, "An eagle." And what is stamped on the other side? Several voices, "A woman's head."

Now then, listen to me; this coin is the means of power; power to exercise your will on persons and things about you. It has two sides, as you say, and I shall first tell you of the meaning of these two sides, and then I shall give each of you a quarter-piece, to take home and keep in remembrance of me, and of this occasion, and as always to be to you significant of a great and beneficent truth—in itself the value of all wisdom.

The eagle is the strongest and fiercest of birds. It has the largest claws, and the sharpest of beaks; it does not hesitate to kill anything in its path; it is, therefore, made the symbol of strength, and the threat of war among nations. Such a side has money, and the fact is testified to by the piece I hold in my hand.

Money can be made to kill, tear down, and lay waste; it can be made to corrupt, imprison, and enslave—in fact, it can be put to all sorts of bad uses. But this quarter-piece has another side, as you have said;

it has the head of a woman wearing the liberty cap, which stands for the very opposite of evil, and means that, when rightly employed, money is the power for good—that it can free and enlarge and make better the whole world; it can build schools, churches, and hospitals; it can restrain anger, husband health, and preserve virtue.

Now, for which side would you rather employ money? Would you rather use it as the eagle, or the liberty cap? Several voices, "The liberty cap."

Miss Hough, I think it is plain that your efforts have not been wasted with these children. It is very evident that they have understood me, as young as they are, and that my quarters are to be put to the employment of their better sides.

If you will kindly call up the children, one by one, I shall give each of them the quarter-piece promised as the underscoring of the hour. It is in line with the methods of your work, you will perceive, because it is object-teaching.

The presentation of the coins here followed, and as every little boy or girl came forward, with up-raised hand and expectant smile, and the "Thank you, Mr. Stewart," there gathered an impressiveness about it all that electrified and charmed the visitors,

and filled the teachers with emotions of gratified pride.

At the conclusion of this ceremony, the speaker turned to the Hon. H. L. Remmel, who was among the guests present, and asked him to read the following poem which he had written, and dedicated to the occasion. The poem referred to:—

UFIE AND SCHOLAR

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. HENRY M.
COOPER, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.,

*Founder of Kindergarten Work for the City and State,
under the Auspices of the Froebel Association.*

ONCE a noble St. Bernard dog,
Reared within a holy convent,
Where the good nuns wrought for pity,
Came to win the name of "Scholar,"
Just because he learned to spell it.

Thus it happened: One day Scholar,
Saved a little girl from drowning,
And the child to thank her hero,
Sent the dog her box of letters.

Then the good nuns took the notion,
Named the dog as here is stated,
And with every day and hour
Wrought upon his understanding,
Until, one by one, he learned them,
Learned the blocks as they were lettered,
And to place them in such order
That they spelled his name out—"Scholar,"
And the little giver's—"Ufie."

Now the sequel of the story
Is, that Scholar played with Ufie,
Until, one day, roving gypsies
Stole, and took the sweet child with them.
Years then passed, and Ufie's parents

Died, and left her sole possessor
Of an ancient name and treasure—
Passing else to one defiant,
Whom the good nuns named with horror.

Meantime, spread the fame of Scholar,
Till, at all the noted meetings,
He was wont to earn the convent
A good penny by his learning.

Thus it chanced—on one occasion,
At a fair, the gypsies gathered,
And among them stood a maiden,
With a sweet, expectant wonder,
Drinking in the strange excitement.

Pausing there, in front of Scholar,
While he picks the called-out letter,
Or, at bidding, spells his title,
Or some other word long taught him.
Like as one from sleep awaking,
With a start the maiden gathers
All the knowledge of her station,
And, with wonted voice and manner,
Calls upon the dog—"Good Scholar,
Spell my name as in my childhood!"

Straight the dog, as if submissive
To a long-acknowledged mistress,
Brought the letters, four in number,
And arranged them in such order
That all eyes might read them, "Ufie."

Then was Ufie, lost, remembered,
By herself, as by her kindred,
And the good nuns bore her witness
Till the courts adjudged her heiress.

Then, to do her Scholar honor,
Ufie founded schools for children,
Leading thought by object-teaching,
Long since known as "Kindergartens."

Thus, it is, how learning prospers,
And how little may be useful,
And how right it is that children
Should be early taught by method.

[From the Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock, April 9, 1898.]

THE COMING OF WOMAN

MR. WM. STEWART, of New York, addressed the students and visitors at the Woman's College yesterday afternoon. He was introduced to the audience by Hon. H. L. Remmel in a few well-chosen words. His address was enthusiastically received.

MR. STEWART'S LECTURE

Girl Pupils and Visiting Friends of the Arkansas Woman's College: It is not as a professional lecturer that I come before you this afternoon, or as one with a set discourse; and yet I am not abashed by the confession, because with the suddenness of the request that I should make a talk to you came as suddenly the inspiration of my text, "The Coming of Woman," and I was at once conscious of something to say.

"On what subject will you address my school?" said your professor, after having elicited my consent. "On the coming of woman," I replied. "Ah, yes," he said expectantly, "On the coming woman." "Not exactly," I rejoined; "but with the preposition 'of,' if you please." In this distinction will be the pith of my discourse.

We are all familiar enough with "The Coming Woman," as popularly conceived and heralded. She is singled out in every busy mart, by every tyro of observation, and thought to be encountered, on all the broader avenues of getting on, by the professors of modern pessimism.

She is shown up in comic art, and in the lurid pages of sensationalism. She is supposed to be wearing men's clothes, to be indulging his fondness for the weed, and, quite as a natural sequence, training the down upon her upper lip to assume the characteristics of a moustache.

All this has been partially true, of some women, for more than the present generation; but it is not true, and never will be true, of the coming of woman. This is to be the birth of another order, and evolved from another instinct,—in fact of the woman who does not wish to be the man in the adoption of any of the clear alignments of his sex.

The new eruption is to be of women, for women, and among women. The aspiration is to be for a higher and broader life, for the restatement of purpose conceived of higher ideals and grander committals. In this, there is pregnant the birth of a new social soul—not as the isolated or dominant but as the fraternal, the tactual and the co-equal.

Woman would still be woman, as man has dreamed of her, has endeavored for her, and possessed her; and she would have man, always, as she has looked up to him, gloried in him, and crowned him. She abhors the iconoclast in her own sex, as the better man abhors him in his. She does not desire to tear down, to uproot, or to obliterate; but she wishes to be the woman as God made her, the subsequent and the sequent. She feels that in her was a design that has yet to realize its larger unfoldment, that for her there is a promise as yet fallow in the heart of affection, and in the germ of beauty.

Instinctively she has gathered to herself the graces, and as instinctively has man paid homage to her charms; and in this has instinct ripened to the intended—the possibility of a woman's world—as there has been that of a man's, a duality of being, generally, as there has been a duality of

being, concrete — apart, and yet in touch — two distinct egos, two infinities of goal, and yet with one desire — to meet the other as the realization and the satisfying.

To this end has been the evolvment of the church, of the school, and the newspaper; to this end has been the world's tribute to courage, its peans to liberty, and its pride of intellect; and to this end is every such occasion as the present — the teacher and the taught always a step in advance; always the beginning with the left-off; always the sowing for the new harvest with the seed garnered up from the old; but ever with a later hope, with a fresher faith, and a newer purpose.

The woman of to-day is still the image of her prototype. As you are of your mothers, so will the generations be; but framed in a larger setting, and seen in a clearer light. For this, you are the trained scholars of this school, and so will the trained be after you, and after and beyond, into the infinite, the better always of the best attained.

You cannot escape from your sex. Nature would rebel in you if you sought to; but you are the heirs of a generation of special culture, such culture as your sex has never yet been prepared for, as it never yet as largely aspired to, as it never

yet has consciously realized; hence, there is what we may now presciently designate,

THE COMING OF WOMAN.

She is to be felt for what she has been trained, she is to be what the world is now ripe to permit her, a force which man is now to accept—coadjutant and germane. There will be the breaking down of barriers, there will be a climbing out of old ruts; but there will be no visible unsexing—only the shorter skirts, perhaps, the freer limbs, and the nobler buoyancy of spirits.

All this, to your young minds, must be as the riddle of the Sphynx; and yet, when you have reached my age you will say it was a prophecy of the hills over which hung the rays of the departing sun that was to light up for you with the dawn of a new epoch the paths to untried heights.

Yes, there is the coming of woman; but it is yet to be as from the church and schoolroom, as from the parlor and the kitchen—the home-taught and the home-desiring; but it is not to be of the domestic wholly, for new paths have been blazed for it through the wilderness of endeavor.

Noble and self-sacrificing women have gone before, as the sappers and miners of a new conquest. Some of them have been misled by will-o'-the-wisps, and have become hopelessly involved in the quagmires of doubt and misapprehension; some of them have striven beyond their strength, and have ingloriously failed with the very first trial of their wings; some have been the perverse and the unfit; but all have felt the divine impulse and in some measure divined its import. But there have been the strong and the elect, the resolute and the possessed; and behind these is gathering a mighty throng that is to be the avalanche of occupation and development.

No barriers of man's erection can now impede their march; nor would the dominant spirit of to-day's manhood erect such, if it could, for it is of this, after all, the holy fervor has been caught, and by this the advancing woman of to-day has become that hopeful and sanguine that she is seen to be.

Man is before her, and behind her, and on either side,—the statesman, the warrior, and the husbandman,—for of woman is the recognized citadel and palladium of the better life.

Thus, the march is on, the banners flying, and the bugles sounding; but to what

encounter? Plainly, it is with the world of error, of evil, and of ill. Crime is to be overthrown, poverty cast forth, and virtue disenchanted. The tawdry tinsels of pride are to be torn from the unreal, the mask from hypocrisy, and the sceptre from greed.

Man has successfully encountered the world's reptiles; it is for woman yet to slay its demons,—gambling and drunkenness, and their unnamable progeny,—and to this, surely, is the coming of woman.

Not to constrict, to deny, or to throttle life, but to free it, to enlarge it, and intensify it—to spiritualize, humanize, and make sweet. Is not this a glorious mission, a magnificent sufficiency for your sex? Do you not, as I thus voice to you your call to duty, already feel the awakening response in your own souls, as of its reality—and already the conscientiousness of a resolve to qualify and do your part?

It is for this that I have spoken in what must appear to you a strangely far-away sense; but one day my words will come back to you as echoes in the hush of eventide—the distinctly audible and the sweetly awe-infilling.

You are, some of you, scarcely in your teens, and some of you scarcely out of them; yet, as my eyes meet yours I read in them the accumulated wisdom of count-

less ages and a capacity for a countless more. So, through all this past and all this future, you have been and will be the force of sentiency for the higher and nobler altitudes of life, as you have taken and shall take color of your better surroundings, and have gathered, or shall gather of the more intimate mind of the universal being, and of the more radiant aureoles of the universal light.

You are the just-enlisted, and you are yet to be taught the step; but one day you will be in line with the everywhere advancement of your sex; and I would that you aspired to leadership in its rivalry of worth, and that you might even thus early gather the inspiration to the seeking of the more lofty ideals.

But there are to be sought later means for the ever-later coming of this force of womanhood; there are to be taken anew the positions of advantage, and there is to be made anew the individual consecration. For this, the up-coming generation of women is breaking ranks and scattering through all the walks of trade, of enterprise, and of art. For this there is now the woman doctor, the woman advocate and judge, the woman journalist, minister, and scientist. For this there is being forced woman's eruption into the world of man, for as yet there is but

one world—by him characterized and by him dominated; but, bye and bye, there will be evolved from this old world of man's administrating, the new world of woman and man; for then it will be of her, literally, and of him—as we now complacently address her and him in a mixed assemblage, “Ladies and Gentlemen,”—the woman first.

Professors, pupils, and visitors, I thank you for your contributed presence in what will always be to me a vision of more than a passing hour. Professor, I have the honor.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, April 4, 1898.]

THE CUBAN QUESTION

DISCUSSED BY MR. WM. P. STEWART,
A NOTED TRAVELER

MR. WILLIAM P. STEWART, of New York, is at the Lindell Hotel. Having traveled widely, and as the requirements of his profession make him an exact reasoner, his views on all subjects are of interest. He is an ardent American, and believes in the power of the Anglo-Saxon race, to do whatever it wills. In the course of a conversation with a "Globe-Democrat" reporter yesterday, he said:—

I do not think that war is at all necessary though a breath may now precipitate it. War is to be viewed as cruel and abhorrent, from any standpoint—and modern warfare is to be stripped of all its old-time gloriousness of individualism and romance.

It is to be slaughter, remorseless and unsparing; swift, terrible, and conclusive. It will no longer be as man with man, but as machinery with machinery, impersonal, soulless, and devastating, with some new discovery of fiendish import always so imminent that, in a moment, victory may be made to perch upon the banners of retrogression.

As to the relative merit of strength and ease of conquest, it is no longer wise to deceive ourselves. The Spaniard will prove a brave and vicious fighter, and our heroes that are to be must be given full credit for this fact. In the end the Spanish will prove no match for the staying power and the genius of endeavor of the Anglo-Saxon. The like means of warfare on both sides, and of an extent sufficient to average the chapter of accidents, would establish that viciousness is no match for sturdiness; that bravery alone will not successfully encounter genius. I am an optimist and a believer in the better outcome of all things. If we must fight, I shall hold it to be as the inevitable, evolved as of the natural order of things, and shall believe in the ultimate supremacy of the better instincts of humanity.

I do not think the republicans of Cuba desire or need the armed intervention of

America to secure the ultimate accomplishment of their ends. On the contrary, I think freedom for Cuba is substantially an accomplished fact, made so by the death of Maceo—in itself so pathetically tragic, in all its incidents and antecedents, as to have made a world-wide sympathy for the cause of Cuba. This recognition of her independence was a deliberate act of Spain, for which we are in no sense responsible.

In cleaning up my home desk the other day, preparatory to a long absence, I found many odd bits of things that I had forgotten, among them some verses which I wrote just after Maceo's death. They show that I viewed the act then as a prophecy of the present.

The following is a copy of the verses referred to:—

CUBA SHALL WIN

Maceo, Maceo, hark!—do you not hear?
It is his voice that calls, and from the bier:—
"Rally to where they die—comrades, fall in!
Courage still leads the van—Cuba shall win."

REFRAIN:—

See! where our flag on high floats to the breeze,
So shall its blue and white banner the seas;
So shall its field of red, with its one star,
Symbol our one resolve—Freedom or War!

Hark to the trumpet's blast—see where they fall!
Death fights on our side—crucifix and pall,

Dying we speed the cause—dead, we have won;
Comrades, till freedom dawns, shoulder the gun!

Our sires are gone before, ourselves are doomed;
But not with Cuba's dead is hope entombed;
For her the soul is armed, for her the slain
March in the battle's front—alive again!

Maceo, Maceo, hark!—do you not hear?
It is his voice that cries, and from the bier:—
"Fall in! Fall in! Fall in!—comrades, fall in!
Courage still leads the van—Cuba shall win!"

Continuing, Mr. Stewart said:—

The blowing up of the *Maine*, of course, calls for a strict accounting, and we are safe to leave an incident of this character to those weighted with responsibility of office, and who, however much they are President, senator, or congressman, are, nevertheless, American citizens.

The country is evidently a unit for either peace or war; as, evidently, the better sense of the world is a unit for the independence of Cuba—in itself the arena of a struggle reaching to a sublimer height of the heroic and self-denying than was ever witnessed in the struggles of the Greek or Pole.

The question of Hawaii has for the moment been lost sight of; yet it is a factor so vital that it may be sprung as the issue of the moment at any time. I would like to see it a part of the United States.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

TO appreciate what follows, it is to be remembered that a depressed state of things had existed for several years—notably culminating in what threatened at one time to become a national panic. This was in the years 1892 and 1893. Subsequently (in the year 1896), the political contention of sides led to more or less doubt as to the nature and origin of the prevailing industrial stagnation,—a trade-arrestation in which the whole world seemed to be involved. It was because of this state of things that Mr. Stewart, as the guest of honor on the occasion to which this has reference, was given the significant toast—"The Signs and Portents of the Hour."

[From the San Antonio Daily Express, Friday, March 12, 1897.]

THE SIGNS AND PORTENTS OF THE HOUR

POSTPRANDIAL RESPONSE TO THIS TOAST

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—

As a first word, I must say that I regard the subject assigned me as opportune, and say further that in the light of present facts response may well be made to it in the happy spirit of this banquet, and surely by one who is a confessed optimist, both by inspiration and conviction.

It is in this character that I shall reveal myself to-night, and in the darker passes of my subject set the lamp of my own faith. Before doing so, however, I would be understood as having candidly divested myself of all pretense of superior acumen; I would be understood as expressing without vanity but the opinion of the wayfarer, having some special talent for making clear his views and some special qualification derived from much travel and observation, and—as the necessity of my

profession and position—some potency of thought.

You are doubtless aware that the crab at certain stages of its growth is confined and arrested by the hardening of its shell, and that it arrives ultimately at the stage where this must be burst apart or life will retrograde. Then comes the struggle from within, and finally the separation of the weakened seams. As the moment draws near when, by a supreme effort, the shell may be cast aside, the crab goes upon the shore near to the surface of the water at the lowest depth of the tide, and there throws off its confining mass. If you have watched the process, you will see the now released body of the crab swell out into three or four times the size of its recent shell. But the body so enlarged lacks yet the shell to protect it, the strength to move the larger mass, and the substance and fiber to perfect its larger body. But the incoming tide will supply all these, and ere the ocean's increasing depths could give opportunity to the crab's many enemies, this wizard of the sea will be master of his larger self.

So is it with the lives of individuals: there is a casting of the shell of custom, of prejudice, of habit, of environment, and of ignorance; and there is forever the

larger growth, the birth of the later and the later self. And so of the growing nations of the world, there is always a casting of the shells of time. And of the civilized world itself there have been its wider epochs, when it, too, has cast its shell of shells; and if you have observed, you will have known that it is through one such epoch it is just emerging, its larger and grander body not yet infiltrated with the fiber and seasoning of the new floodtide. And so of our own great country, you must see that it is yet but resting beside its recently cast-off shell — the weakling yet of its enormously distended body.

In the casting of that shell, enterprise has striven in a thousand ways. It has carried railroads up the mountain sides and through their rocky skirts; it has stored up vast reservoirs of water, and spread a mantle of living green over vast tracts of arid lands; it has founded magnificent cities, made communication immediate, and projected industry in a thousand and one new channels. And now, with the old shell broken, there is need of a season's rest. Life must adjust itself to these new conditions. The new individuality must assimilate its new enforcement, its new propulsion, and this has not yet been done,

for not yet has time been propitious or opportunity been floodward; but it is coming, gentlemen, the rise is on, and when prosperity is once again at high-water mark, you will perceive, what is not yet assertive, though its form is visible just below the surface, a grandeur of attainment that has not been of party or of policy, but of a country and a people bursting the trammels of a natural growth.

For years America has been in the throes of a new birth—the birth of that larger America which shall be its manhood and its admission to the circle of international states, and the fearless assumption of its bounden share in the determination of the world's history. For some years yet, perhaps, it will be fettered with an unaccustomed weight, but its strength is gathering, and already its limbs are stretching with the instincts of its larger life. Gentlemen, the danger period of helplessness is past. The new shell already fortifies at every point. There is only needed the maturity of the growth thus taken on; and then within the shell thus formed again, as gathering strength for the bursting into a still later birth, you will realize an energy of accomplishment and know of a prosperity of undertaking as much in contrast with that which

you have before known as America of to-day is in contrast with its baby self as seen in the cradle of the Revolution.

So much, gentlemen, for the signs of the times. For its portents I shall have nothing to say. There will be always those who would obstruct or destroy, the unreasoning and rebellious, who become the hardened shell and tighten until life itself is threatened. There is thus always the iconoclast and the builder. There is thus always to be heard the croak of the raven or the hoot of the owl, but of the nobler life there is to be heard as always, the happier and more general sound—the song of the morning lark.

[From the *Sunday Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, February 28, 1897.]

THE POWER OF SENTIMENT

(Portions of an After Banquet Response)

THE power of sentiment! Is there such a force as measured by the laws of trade, of enterprise, and material worth? "The power of knowledge!" How easily this is quoted, and postulated as the guarantee of success! And yet how manifest the tendency to recognize the dollar as the all-dominating power! The possessor of the dollar can hire intellect, he would say, can buy sentiment, and the genii of these two powers may be summoned by the use of the dollar as were the slaves of Aladdin's lamp, by the mere rub of the possessor. Yet, nevertheless, it is not the dollar that creates intellect, or that inspires sentiment; nor can the dollar discharge their functions; nor without these is the dollar a power in any world-potent sense.

But the power of sentiment, what orator of our day discourses of this? What moralist emphasizes its practicability? In what countinghouse is poetry quoted? In what workshop is rhythm expressed, and wherein is shown the tendency of the press, that pitiless reflector of the public mind, to entertain sentiment in other than a Sunday garb, that shuts it out from the week-day strife, or as a trifler who loiters at the street corners of thought? Is it because sentiment is not a power, abstractly considered, or that it is regarded as not successfully assumed—that is to say, rarely, if ever, genuinely inspired and expressed?

Let me tell you, life is a sentimental plant. Sentiment was the germ of it, and sentiment is the soul of it, and sentiment is to be the goal of it.

Coming again and again to think of it, I have come to the more and more definite conclusion that sentiment is power, not alone in the abstract, but in the domain of the practicably applied; for we are all creatures of sentiment, and however incrustated with the dust or spatter of the material world, or however shy of its cynical sneers, we love to be approached with that show of belief in us that we are considered something more than a stomach, that we have a heart, and are confident of a soul.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

THE LOVING CUP — SIGNIFICANCE OF ITS THREE HANDLES

*(Continuation of the Address on "The Power
of Sentiment")*

IT needs to be explained that the paragraphs comprising the two preceding pages, as under the caption of "The Power of Sentiment," and those which immediately follow, as under the caption of "The Loving Cup," which forms the title of this page, are selected parts of the one address, and from the same published report. The division has been made and the titles assigned in keeping with the particular subject treated.

The circumstances of the banquet and its accessories of person and place, for reasons stated in the preface, have been omitted.

The banquet to Mr. Stewart was made the opportunity for the presentation of a beautiful silver cup, due under a previous award to one of the guests, and Mr. Stewart was asked to make the presentation. What follows is in direct relation to this event.

Turning to the intended recipient he (Mr. Stewart) said:—

It is my pleasing duty to express to you the especial honor of this occasion, for to you, sir, I am commissioned to present a cup awarded as a recognition of a special accomplishment.

You will observe the cup has three sides and three handles. It is not, perhaps, necessary that I shall tell you that its shape indicates it to be what is called a loving cup. Why this particular shape of cup should be so designated I do not know, unless it is intended to symbolize those three beatific phases of love which make it alone the one conception and realization of God, heaven, and life.

FIRST—HUSBAND AND WIFE

Of these three phases there is, first, the love as between man and wife, the consummation of which is that duality of being which inspires those dreams of bliss that make possible its conception in the experience of human hearts. It is of this the poet sings, for this the harp is strung, and of this that fiction builds her midsummer palaces. It is not of man nor of woman in the abstract relation that heaven is conceived, that poetry is born, that music takes wing, or that Art plucks far and wide her laurel crown, for love is not of the

individual but of the sexes, of that positive and negative affinity which constitutes the aggregate in all consummated things.

SECOND — PARENT AND CHILD

There is, second, the love as between the parent and child, from which springs the underlying sentiment in all sentient form. From this comes the thought of God as the All-father of nature, as the all-nourishing breast. On this is founded the Church, the State, and all that argues for the stability of the social order. As the parent we can believe in the benignity of the creative purpose. As the child we can believe in the atonement. Of this relation is the birth of hope. It is this that erects our providence and makes age contented. It is this that denies death its victory and lights up the nimbus of immortality on this side of the grave. It is this that brings from the rocks the living stream, this that is by day the guiding cloud, by night the pillar of fire. For this is the promised land, the charity that endureth all things, the mercy that is unfailing.

THIRD — SISTER AND BROTHER

Lastly, there is the love of brother and sister, the children of the one hearth. It is this that makes wide the world, that holds one still to earth when home has ceased to be other than a memory. So

long as there is for the human soul the human brother, the human sister, there is felt that fellowship of blood which takes from isolation its horror, from loneliness its phantoms of affright. This is the heritage of all heritages; through these are the golden links that bind closer than oath or interest or place. For the brotherless, the sisterless, the world has become a spot, the one spot for the moment lived upon; for all beyond is stranger land. It is the thought of kin that takes possession, in which is felt the consecration to succor, to duty, and to loving welcome. It is of this that is born the thought of the world's fellowship. It is of this that is born the sentiment of a common humanity, the dream of a united heart, the vision of a general bliss.

There is no other love. All desire besides is of the earth, earthy. Friendship and all other affinities are but the abstract reflections of its quenchless light. These are of place, of opportunity, and of preference. These are bought and sold, are won and lost. These are as inclination weds, as interest ties, as power disposes; but the love of the parent and child, of the man and woman made husband and wife, or of the brother and sister, are of the one spark, and from the one divine source, and to the one conclusion—God!

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

*I*T is to be said of the following address that it is peculiar in that it was first an impromptu utterance, and subsequently a written-out statement as the voluntary labor of a committee of ladies.

Mr. Stewart was not informed that he was to be the chairman and the speaker of the occasion, until he read his name on the printed program on the morning of the concert. After the concert he was asked, by a noted journalist present, for a copy of his address for publication, and when it was learned that it had been the inspiration of the moment, the ladies took it upon themselves to reconstruct it from memory, and what follows is the result.

[From the Marine Journal, New York, August 8, 1896.]

THE CLAIMS OF THE SAILOR

S*PEECH of Mr. William P. Stewart, of New York, made as "Chairman" of the concert given on board the steamship "Paris," Monday, May 18, 1896, on behalf of the Seaman's Orphan Fund.**

Ladies and Gentlemen: It has been the purpose of those who provided the entertainment of to-night to raise a sum of money for the benefit of the sailor.

In this they have been actuated by a knowledge of his needs, by a sense of justice and by the desire to create an occasion wherein we might all join in one common impulse of gratitude.

Those who have so far entertained us, and those who are yet to do so, give not only of the genius of their profession, of its special talent and labor, but generously of their means as well. Shall we

* Reported from memory by a committee of ladies subsequently appointed.

who are outside the footlights, and whose means and opportunities are of the broader area of the world be less generous?

We are to-night indwellers of one of the magnificent palaces of modern marine architecture. In this we are strengthened about by every means that science and mechanical skill can devise, and yet our sense of security, and our realization of comfort, is born only of the knowledge that we are carried as in the arms of the sailor; that a trained sailor is in command, and that, in obedience to his will, devotion will spring to its death, if need be.

Can any here complain of lack of care or courtesy on the part of officer, sailor, or steward of this ship? No. On my own experience I can say there has been expressed but the one sentiment among you, that of content.

The weather has been propitious, the trip so far exceedingly fine. We have been happy. Shall we not be grateful?

So far we have been unmindful of our share in a general debt,—a debt due to the sailor and his offspring from the infancy of commerce, and which the enlightenment of the nineteenth-century humanity has perceived, and set about liquidating.

On such occasions as this ships' passengers have been generous, shall we who feel a just pride in our own personelle be less responsive? Surely, if beauty be needed to touch the heart to-night, there can be no more beautiful women than we have in our midst; and if manliness alone is expected to respond, there can be no more manly men. It would be difficult to find a sweeter feminine grace, a higher order of professional men, or a broader scope of intellect generally, than comprise our list. To such, the claims of the sailor can need but the direct statement—the simple plea. It is not, therefore, as the orator that I shall address you to-night, but as the narrator of patent facts.

To the sailor the world owes its commerce and the civilization it begets. To his courage and devotion England owes its special glory, America its discovery, and home-life, everywhere, its thousand and one comforts.

Without him, the continents had never clasped hands, the voice of science had never rolled through the prison-chambers of the deep. Yet, in the home world of to-day, the sailor has no recognition. In the business world, he is the poorest paid, in the moral and intellectual world, the most ill-requited. For him no reposeful

leisure invites to study, no daily paper supplies the feast of reason.

On the sea, he is obedient to an iron law that knows only necessity.

On the shore, he is unreckoned, save as his needs and inexperience make him the victim, or the unfortunate.

We who are of the land know that however lowly our present callings may be, there is ever for us the hope of a broader opportunity, of a larger recompense. For the seaman, in no broad sense can this be true.

For him, no wayside flower invites the plucking, no umbrageous tree takes root, no grasses grow. For him no wife is comrade, no child a presence. Alone, he must do life's battle. Unsolaced, unconsidered and enslaved by his calling, he must go on to the end, for "once a sailor always a sailor," is almost the aphorism of his class.

Between the land and the sea there is a contrast as broad as between the day and night.

On the land, there is the gold mine, and ever the discovery of still other mines, and of still more precious stores. On the sea, there is to be turned up no latent wealth, there is to be barreled no flow of oil, there is to be bottled no mineral

spring, there is to be preëmpted no individual right. For the sailor, there is but the engulfing wastes of water, there is but its sombre tomb, its sullen requiem.

But it is not to the pathetic side of the seaman's profession that I wish to attract your attention, but to its discrepancy in opportunity as fixed by sea and land.

On the land, trades may make institutions of traffic, and from the worker at his bench a mechanic may become a money-making. On the sea, the sailor can have but one round of work, the narrow compass of the deck and the dead level of the horizon.

A stray boy, with no other capital than the opportunity of the land, walked into London and became its Mayor. Such a story is never written of the cabin boy.

A tanner made himself the greatest general of his age. A rail-splitter has been President of the United States, even a river raftsman has filled that exalted position, but the like grades upon the sea are without hope. The forecastle is a dungeon-keep that holds under sentence for life. Not even the soul is free,—or mind.

No immortal writer ever took his inspiration tossed upon the ocean's wave. There

has been no sailor painter, sculptor, or bard. The singing shrouds of a ship have never attuned the listening ear of a great musician. To go out upon the sea in toil is to go out of our life as set in the dreams of genius, as founded in the hope of Love.

The man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" had no thought of the forecandle.

For the sailor there is no song.

But as arbitrary as are the laws of the sea with respect to the common sailor, they are still the more arbitrary and uncompromising with respect to the ship's officer. For him to lose a ship, that is to say to suffer wreck, is to lose his rating forever. It matters not the nature of the accident, the years of service or the ability. In such cases the past counts always as *against*. On the contrary, no error, however grave, is necessarily fatal on land. There, one may try again and again, even from the depths, and climb, perhaps, to altitudes before un hoped for.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is for us who are of the land to discharge to-night some part of the world's debt to the sailor. I, therefore, propose to you, on behalf of our entertainers, that you join with them in a second contribution to this end. To facilitate this, I shall request the fair suppliants

to go about among you, once more, and later on I shall have the pleasure of announcing the result.

NOTE—The sum realized from the sale of programs and by the lady suppliants during the day was \$52.50. Following Mr. Stewart's appeal, \$88.00 was paid over by those present, at once, and a further sum of \$30.00 paid to the purser the next morning, by those who had not their money with them at the time the collection was taken up.

[Quotation from Postprandial Address, New Castle-on-Tyne, England, June 12, 1896.]

THE 'BRITISH EMPIRE VS. THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

I COME to the home of the greatest Empire the world has ever known, great in its race, its history, its civilization, and in all that makes for human liberty and advancement. I come from the great Republic of your tongue, the greatest Republic undoubtedly the world has ever known. Greatest in all those relations that make between the past and present a contrast for humanity.

I come as one of your cousins, to make intimate the bonds of kinship, and to view with longing eyes those hearthstones of the home of our great race to which cling the memories of those great men and great events, that make it the glory and inspiration of even our prosaic age.

For you there is the Empire, for us the Republic. But notwithstanding the opposite conditions which these terms seemingly imply, the English tongue is the liberty bell of the world. No Englishman will

ever throne the Empire above Liberty, and no American will ever conscript freedom in the name of the Republic. There is the one heart-beat under both breasts, to both the one voice. It is the sentiment and song of a common aspiration and of a common hope.

Such occasions as this make for the common peace. Your English institutions have their American branches, their American homes. Need I say it is because they are welcome? The like institutions of Canada are with us. The seventy millions of our people, and their continent of endeavor, give invitation to the enterprise of the world. The like spirit with you is the manifestation of England's greatness. She welcomes the competition of the world because the destiny of her race and flag is practically to encircle the world, and to be the symbol of the world's equation and exchange.

Of the younger branch of this great family, the United States of America has wrought for itself a long line of converging purpose and accomplishment, leaving to you, the elder, all the glory of the past, in a rivalry that intends to divide with you the distinctions of the future.

[Extract from the *World of Sunday*, May 24, 1896.]

MESSAGE BY CARRIER PIGEON

MESSAGE sent to the "Sunday World" of New York, by Mr. Wm. P. Stewart of New York, by carrier pigeon, Wednesday, May 13, 1896, from the deck of the steamship "Paris," over a hundred miles at sea:—

THE MESSAGE

From our own little world of "Paris afloat," to the great World of The Greater New York, and to its world-around readers:

GREETING:

To-day the voices of the unshackled deep are wafted to you on the wings of experiment; ere long they will come to you as the ripple of every wave-crest translated by the tongue of science.

The maturing world is acknowledging an universal humanity, is putting on an universal garb, is growing into an universal faith—shall it not have its universal voice that shall liquefy all speech, and pour through its remoter solitudes

the glad song of Peace, of Liberty, and unfailing Hope?

The harbinger of all this will fold its tired wings in the one spot that is to it "Home," but the mysterious spirit that shall guide its flight will not rest until the goal of Sentiency is found in the infinity of Mind dominating the infinity of Space.

These carrier pigeons were put aboard the steamship "City of Paris" by the "Sunday World," when the "Paris" sailed from New York, May 13, 1896.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

WITH respect to what follows under the caption of "Honor to the Physician," it is necessary to state that it is but the incidental portion of an address—the main thesis of which will be found in "Concrete Identities." In this instance, Mr. Stewart had prepared himself, as was his wont, to deliver his address inspirationally as speaking from, and affected by, the occasion, but being overcome with an attack of la grippe, he had to dictate it at the last moment, and submit it to be read by proxy. The reading was very happily and effectively done by Dr. Denslow Lewis of Chicago.

In this connection, Mr. Stewart desires to put on record his thanks for the care the Club subsequently took of him, and the high honor they subsequently conferred upon him, especially holding in grateful recollection Dr. Horace M. Starkey and Dr. William H. Wilder.

[From the Journal of Finance, January 28, 1896.]

HONOR TO THE PHYSICIAN

*(Concluding Portion of an Address Before the
Physicians' Club of Chicago, Ill.)*

Now, gentlemen, a word or two with respect to yourselves. I know that I have not been invited to Chicago to praise the medical profession, and yet a body so worthy of all praise ought not to shrink from a word or two of an enthusiast uttered in its presence.

To me the physician represents the greatest soldiery the world has ever known. On your banners are inscribed the grandest victories that have ever been immortalized in prose or song. The glittering honors of the world, I know, have heretofore been pinned upon the breast of slaughter, but the time is at hand when the life builder and the mind builder will wear the nobler cross of the Legion of Honor. The hero of romance and of art is the gladiator storming the citadel of life, but your warfare is with death—a theme strangely un-

lettered in the grander records of the world. Yet the first impulse of humanity was yours. Before there was the consciousness of soul there was the body, and life's first real awakening was the throb of pity; its first consciousness of a common humanity the wish to succor.

Your marches are not strewn with roses. Your triumphant entry into the strongholds of disease is not led by the inspiring bugle, or heralded with a resounding band. Your fight is with annihilation in all its forms. Your opponent is always pitiless—always hideous, and always present. There is no truce—no succor. It is fight! fight!! fight!!! The skill of the hand, the scholarship of the mind, and the holiest instincts of the heart blend in the warrior of life.

It is your voice that arouses sluggish citizenship to the perils of municipal filth. It is your genius that suggests the cross-roads to health, and your bravery that stands like a stone wall in the pathway of epidemic. For you there is no division in the hours of service; there is no "watch and watch." You respond at once to the call of duty, whether heard within the barred portals of the night, or in the broad openings of the day.

Who has not known, as of his personal

knowledge, of some physician's race with death? Through the gloom of the night—by unknown roads—in the sweep of torrential rain, or in the ruck of the madder elements. Who has not known him walking calmly into the very embrace of death, yielding up his own noble life on the altar of devotion that the beloved humanity which spoke to us of God, and of an imperishable love, might be given a larger freedom, and one day come to spurn at its foot the lifeless corpse of pain?

Nero fiddling during the burning of Rome, was spiritually incarnate in one of your own profession during the ravages of cholera in 1866. One of your grandest knights,—one whom, in his after lifetime, you delighted to honor,—sat for a whole night through, in the midst of the stricken passengers of a Mississippi steamer, playing a violin. He was a young man then. He had used all the resources at his command; he had battled for their lives as best he could, and succumbing to the long wait that must intervene before they would be permitted a resourceful quarantine, he played to them that they might be soothed with the sweet strains of his instrument, or aroused to encounter with the warrior's spirit of their race the pitiless pirate that had swarmed over the vessel's side.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

IT is to be said of the incident related in the following story, that it is of actual occurrence in every particular. It is another case of truth being stranger than fiction.

It is not reproduced here because of its surprising nature, however, nor as a specimen of Mr. Stewart's story-telling powers, but because it was told for the first time in Fort Smith, a city that Mr. Stewart desires to enshrine in keeping with its pleasant memories. The inspiration of the occasion brought the story to mind, and gave it its essential dress, else, perhaps, it had never found its way between the covers of a book.

[From the Fort Smith Times, Sunday, October 28, 1894.]

STORY OF A NUGGET—TRIBUTE TO ARKANSAS

(From an After Banquet Speech)

Mr. Toastmaster, and Gentlemen:

I HAVE to thank you all for a very handsome compliment, and especially the gentleman, who proposed me as the guest of your body, for his eloquent and flattering introduction. . . . In the thoroughfares of life, we frequently encounter, as we must, but we take to our homes and to our firesides only the few that are singled out by the partialities of the heart. So is it we receive and are received at a banquet like this, which is indeed typical of the home hearth of the city—of the opening of its family circle to those it likes.

I understand that you anticipate a speech from me to-night. In this I shall disappoint you. What I would have been happy to have said on this occasion has already been said to a like representative body of the citizens of Little Rock.

But, gentlemen, as my conception of your State and its possibilities, I will nevertheless relate a heretofore unpublished incident of my travels in Australia, of a very romantic character:—

The colony of Queensland covers a very large portion of the Australian Continent, and a large portion of its land lies directly under the equator. Between its borders lie vast stretches of arid wastes, from the midst of which rise mountains that are supposed to be rich in gold and silver. Between the nearest railroad town and these mountains the would-be explorer traverses a country, for great lengths, without sight of a tree, shrub, or a stream of water. It is a country to be crossed—not dwelt upon. You are to carry your provisions and your water. You are to secure yourself at least a month's subsistence in what you carry. But these mountains are often visited. The immediate plains around them abundantly reward cultivation, and their concealed treasure is an ever-widening allurements to the adventurous. There are no regularly laid out roads, as stretching between. As the first pioneer boldly led through the paths, guided by sun or stars, so others have followed in the print of his feet, or in the tracking of his ox-cart, as over a macadamized way. Of the

many who have entered upon this treasure hunt, the few only have endured the hardships to the end of a happy find. The many return, of those who return at all, discouraged, if not impoverished by their experience.

At just the first day's journey from village life, on the main paths from which other paths diverge to different points, there is the first general camping by the side of a little stream, the landmark of which has been, for countless ages perhaps, a great boulder of rock, worn smooth by the attrition of the elements and stained with the shadows of time. At its side, with its roots holding beneath the mass, a single tree has stood as its lonely sentinel.

For years and years throngs have drank of this stream, and fatigued and discouraged wayfarers have stretched themselves at the base of this cool rock under the sun-slant at its farther side, dreaming the dreams that have come to nought, or sadly despairing over their broken fortunes. Some have doubtless climbed upon it, as upon the one little elevation from which they might peer out into the vagueness beyond, and one of an undecipherable date, with a bit of red chalk, had written the name that was to have sealed to him that greater possession of all earthly posses-

sions, that heaven of all imaginable heavens, a fair woman's love—"Mary." [Sensation.]

Years slipped after years, over this fragment of unlettered time, until fate or providence revealed the mystery of its being to conscious eye. A poor man, one of the sturdy yeomen in the rough opportunities of life, with ambition that is confined to no cast or station, with that love for wife and babies which is an ever impulse to man's still higher effort, had gone forth to win for them, recking not of toil or danger, his share of that El Dorado which, as now understood, is nature's one fountain of perpetual youth.

He had traversed long miles of those weary wastes taking with him his subsistence and conveniences in a rude cart drawn by one small ox. He had wasted months in fruitless endeavors, and, drawn by the unprotected state of the loved ones left behind, had returned upon his tracks; still resolute, however, in his purpose to strive for them, though now hopeless of other fortune than he had in the possession of his stout heart and in his strong arms. He had rested by that familiar rock in his outward journey, and had drank from the tiny stream that flowed into the solitudes of that desert as silent as itself. And now he returned again. The miles behind him

seemed but so many recollections of blistering heat, of unending sand, of wasted energy, and disappointed hope. He drank once more of the little stream, but he would not rest by the unsociable rock, for he was consumed with anxiety for his dear ones, from whom he had heard no word since his departure, and who, if well, were now but a day's journey from his love. He had nothing left to eat, his rude cart just barely held together, bearing some weighty specimens of those far-off mountain sides, which he still hoped against hope might prove his title to the wealth he sought. Everything was of a piece, cart and harness worn and spliced, man and beast tired and hungry.

Now, this is what happened—as he was passing this rock, one of the poles, by means of which his little ox dragged the cart, gave out. It had been splintered by a fall, was completely done for. Looking for a makeshift, he saw the one little scraggy tree that spread its thirsty leaves over that protecting rock. He thought he would make that do. The fact that he had no ax did not deter him; he could pull it up by its roots; and so he tugged at it until it was pulled from beneath the confining weight of its comrade stone. In the doing of this, he tore up a portion of

the earth exposing the spur of the stone that bore as yet on its surface, unblackened by exposure, the evidence of its character. He saw something glinting in the stone, and bending so as to get a better sight, he was electrified with the unmistakable shine of pure gold.

And this is the story. That whole boulder was a mass of polarized gold and crystal spars of uniform size and shape. How it came there, no mind can imagine. Whence it came is as inexplicable as the luck that finally bestowed it upon this man, Not within hundreds of miles of it had there ever been found a trace of gold. No little fragment was near to keep it company. Like the great Sphinx of the Egyptian desert, its history had not been read, and perhaps never will be, for no such specimen of conglomerate gold and free crystal was ever before seen.

In the sequel, he reached his family in safety and found them sadly circumstanced to be sure, but now to be made happy by the forty thousand pounds he got for his rock. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, this is the application of my story to your State, as I understand it. Arkansas is as yet but a land-mark boulder in the pathway of the world's treasure seeker. You are but as a day's march from the

home of these adventurous spirits. They stop at your City of Springs, and then on, over the plains of Texas, through the alkali of New Mexico and Arizona, and on to the Pacific coast.

By and by, some of the disappointed fortune seekers will discover you — only to sit down in amazement, in contemplation of that wealth which might have been theirs long years before, could they have peered below the surface of prejudice that had come through the corrosion of misconception, to hide its worth.

Gentlemen, I am done. [Continued applause.]

[From *The Arkansas Gazette*, and *The Arkansas Democrat*, Friday, Oct. 26, 1894.]

TRIBUTE TO LITTLE ROCK

(Postprandial Address)

Mr. Toastmaster, and Gentlemen:

IT IS with some degree of diffidence that I rise in response to the complimentary introduction of your Chairman. It is my first visit to your city, you are nearly all strangers to me, and the impromptu character of this expression has not afforded me the sufficient time in which to consider the more opportune substance, or the more graceful phrases of that speech which the tender of such an honor implies as expected, and which my acceptance would presumably commit me to.

In any reference to yourselves, your city or its institutions, I must necessarily speak as in a degree of ignorance, as one who has sojourned but a short time in your

midst. However experienced in public methods, or trained to generalization at sight I might be supposed to be, you must know that I shall be liable to err, if I commit myself at all in what is personal to yourselves. Yet, as I regard my position, in fact as I have been asked to consider it, I must express myself along those lines which most vitally concern you all; and as there is danger in my doing this, I would bespeak in advance your courtesy and forbearance, should I really go wrong.

It is not as individuals, in the ordinary identity of a social event, that we are met to-night, but as representatives of varied interests, and because we are Americans, and have relations in common, in the interstate intimacies which the genius of American enterprise inspires and begets. And yet we are assembled for no mercenary purpose, but in that comity only of State to State, of city to city, of enterprise to enterprise, as the benefactors and beneficiaries of an interest in common. [Applause.] On such an occasion, it is not for your guest to speak of his city or himself, but rather as the more complimentary, as the more graceful recognition of the honor which your presence here confers upon him to speak with the liberty of the traveler on those broader contrasts which

enlightened travel alone discovers, and alone indulges to no man's prejudice or hurt.

Naturally, from professional instincts, I observe the general topography of a locality as to its bearing on community health, and I observe the sanitary conditions of a city and the general health-tint of its people as encountered on its streets. All this I have remarked as favorable to your city, and strikingly so in the health-tint of your people, which will favorably compare, in general rudiness, to the thicker blood of the more temperate climes. There is also a ready courtesy noticeable in your people and a business-like activity, which argues fairly that if the city's heat be prolonged at times it does not necessarily enervate the citizen.

In some respects the city of Little Rock is a surprise to me. It is a larger city than I had expected to see and yet it appears to want the realization of its size on the part of its inhabitants, for they have not clothed it with that metropolitan air which I think its importance deserves. For a city so located, so healthfully elevated, and with such a business opportunity as its geographical position and its own State assures, it might put on, with a very much larger relative profit, a finer metropolitan dress. But this I find is not

due to the supineness of its people, or the lack of business gage on their part, but to the restrictions of the present State Constitution which limits all municipal powers to an economical condition of things, which, in my judgment, if enforced in the domain of individual activity would have hitched enterprise to the doorpost of a country tavern. [Sensation.] Economy is a jewel if scientifically polished and set, but left in the rough it is only worthy to do service as one of the curiosities of a nineteenth-century museum.

You can boast a good government and an enviably low property tax, but the tax on a business community is in range like the rent on the opposite sides of a business street,—you can afford to pay a high tax on a high degree of prosperity, as you can better afford to pay the higher rent on the side of the most travel.

But I can see, gentlemen, that the theory of restriction in law will not long be permitted to restrain your native powers. [Applause.] The era is ripe for your city, and the next decade for Little Rock must be as the casting of its hardened shell, and with it the expansion of its body into twice its present size. [Applause.] In fact, so profoundly do I believe in this possibility that were I one of

your young men I should immediately set about organizing an anti-restriction league, irrespective of party lines. As it is, I would come a thousand miles if invited to be present at its inception. [Prolonged applause.]

Investors would do well to consider the opportunity you present. The capital that is hidden away in safety deposit companies in this country and in Europe is in need of just such an opportunity as your city offers, and you who are present here tonight, as its more prominent exponents, would be justified in laying at once the foundation for the superstruction that is bound to come. [Applause.]

You are to be complimented on the extensive park which you have secured to your city in its very heart. It is an acreage sufficiently extensive to preserve the sweet breath of the country to every city home, and to insure the development of a thousand and one artistic conceptions. Its influence for good as a sanitary measure will be incalculable.

You have before you the beautiful river, and on its opposite shore the United States Army Reservation of a thousand acres, which will be at once an army post of the largest importance and excursion grounds for many a romantic escapade. You have

already the budding industries which give promise of a manufacturing center, and you need only that relaxing of the organic law of the State which will be to you like the word "go" to the racer—with the money up on Little Rock. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, we of the East are your partners. Directly and indirectly we are interested in the growth of your city and the well-being of your citizens. No more can the one city, than the one individual, thrive alone. We are all mutual supports and dependents, joint benefactors and beneficiaries, a citizenship in common—a nation of brothers. [Applause.] We cannot see alike, we cannot think alike, but we have the one aspiration alike, which is to live, and to do this rationally we must clasp hands. [Applause.]

It is natural that the younger communities should look to the older communities for the means of quickening their development, because they know they can offer a larger profit opportunity to capital than is to be found in those cities where it naturally centers, and where it is in so much competition with itself. Capital is disposed to remain an inert mass. Its owners, as a rule, are not given to taxing their brains to the discovery of new outlets for its energies. They are quite the more content

to cut coupons at a nominal interest from what they would call "established securities," than to hazard the loss of their fortunes in a striving for larger gains. But youth is always a newborn energy, and, along its natural desires, not to be gainsaid by age. The aspirations of genius are more potent than all the wise saws that lumber the attic of experience, and rosy-cheeked youth can win more with one of its sweet smiles, or bright glances, than gray-headed age with all the caution of its oft-burnt tongue. [Applause.]

The secret of business to-day lies in business solicitation. Even Mahomet was not fool enough to wait until the mountain came to him—he went for it. So must all who would be wise in their generation and up to date with the times. The mountain of capital will come to no man. It must be gone to, and once at its sides there is no difficulty in merit getting a timely share. In this respect, gentlemen, I think you have somewhat missed your opportunity. I propose to hazard your displeasure, in the first flush, by telling you that you have not urged the claims of your State on the world at large as you should have done. Even I came to you, I am frank to express, with a prejudice. I have visited every other State in the Union

but this, and most of them many times, and yet I have gone through your State twice with never sufficient interest in it to stop over. Hence, in all my travels, it has never served me as a period of embellishment, or as an incident of interest in any of my interviews or speeches. [Sensation.] I cannot tell you just why this has been so. I have often said that I never had prejudice; but if one does not see for one's self, he insensibly imbibes the opinion of others, and I know the Northern and European thought about Arkansas is not inspiring. You are supposed to be mainly a pestilential swamp, to be given over to strange fevers, and to be under the sway of violent passions. How unlike is your reality to this phantasmal conception! If you who are my entertainers to-night were all to be set down in any great city, you would appear simply as a natural part in the current of its grander life; and any portion of your State, however waste, could be duplicated, in part, in any other State in the Union, as, in fact, you can duplicate, in your State, the material resources to be found in any other. [Applause.] What you need only is to be fairly seen and to be rightly understood, to be sought for as a home by ambitious industry, and to be listened to by the

most conservative capital. [Continued applause.]

But all the world cannot visit you, and it is the home bodies that should know the truth. This is an age of blow and self-assertion. Modesty is not a jewel that one can pawn for a nineteenth-century penny. To the ambitious, there is but the one admonition voiced in the wisdom of the times. Tell the world your story, keep telling it, hire people to tell it for you, and you will find that belief, like the small boy in the street, follows a brass band. [Sensation.] Nor is it needed that you should exceed the truth. You have shown what you are capable of in what you contributed to the beauty and success of the Columbian Fair. As I see you now, it was but a fair symbolization of yourselves, and of your great State. [Applause.] And yet it is to be related of one of your fair young girls, that not long ago, on a visit to San Francisco, she was given by her young friends on the eve of her departure for home, as their conception of the country she was returning to, a color print of a cowboy-dressed individual, bowie-knifing an old negro holding a Bible in his hand. This, you see, is the conception of you, not as confined to a section, or as germinated by dislike, but as sifted

through the reading minds of the world through the successful hit of a comic vein in your own journalism. [Sensation.]

Abuse advertises farther than fair words, but a man must never allow himself to be laughed at. It is the wit that kills, not the blow. [Sensation.]

I presume there is with you, as there is with us, and always has been in the attempted arrestation of every step in the world's progress, people who would cry, "Halt, we are well enough off as we are." I have heard men boast that they had worn an old hat for thirty years, and yet chew in tobacco the cost of a new hat every month. I have known men to boast that they never owed a dollar—and they might also have added that they never owned one—who spent so much time at it that rightly employed would have enabled them to pay off a mortgage on a big house. The fact is that credit is the open sesame to nature's storehouse, as well as to the robber's cave. [Sensation.] It is the helping hand that at a pinch lifts the mired wheel of endeavor from out the rut of its unpaved way. It is the pontoon across the unfordable stream; it is the ladder against the wall of an otherwise unclimbable height; it is the prop of endeavor; the crutch of circumstance;

the implement or matrix of creative art. What farmer in his right sense would furrow with a stick if he could get credit for a steel-point plow, or cut wood with a stone hatchet if he could borrow a modern ax? [Sensation.]

In the progress of to-day, two conditions are essential to the highest community success, and these are community activity and community dress. As the individual must appear in the garb of good society if he would enter it, so must the city. The universal deference is to clothes, and there is no condition of physical life, save that of man, that does not perennially put on a new garb; and, in the larger divisions of the family, do so with great toil and pain. The birds molt their feathers, the animals shed their hair, and even the snake pulls off his earth-worn skin. Flowers and trees, and even the solemn pine, are no exceptions to nature's law of embellishment, but dress in the fashions of their season's change. The behoof to dress your best is set on the surface of all present life; cities or individuals the wisdom is the same. To look your best is to invite the best, and the best is life's only ultimate, let man deny it as he will. [Sensation.]

Napoleon III. found Paris a city of narrow streets, of obscure lanes, and of crime-

infested dens, in contrast with the palaces of the Empire and the walled-in citadels of the Nobility. He left it with broad avenues, well paved, well lighted, and well drained; with its property hundreds of times enhanced in value, and the revenues of its citizens enriched by the tributes of an admiring world.

Not so long ago London was but a conglomeration of little towns, cemented together by the growth of their respective suburbs, literally a city of country shops, with scarcely a grand mercantile building to be seen. The real and older London, which boasted the election of a Lord Mayor, was confined to but a few squares. This conglomeration of towns was divided into so many districts or parishes over which the parish church held sway. In London's then condition, if you rode over a bit of paved road that was the length of some one parish that aspired to put on something of a city's dress, you plumped into the mire of a neighboring parish that was content to wear the fustian of its old-time country life. To raise this overgrown nonentity into the government, deportment, and dress of a metropolis, into a unit that would wield the sum of its resources and express the sum of its power, seemed beyond human effort, and yet

statesmanship successfully gave it first its county clubs, which only proved, however, but tentative steps in the right direction, and then its metropolitan commission which has made it at last a city, with the red corpuscles of a single life traversing its every fiber. Judging from what has already been accomplished, I would say that no mind can conceive of the grandeur that will be known of London half a century hence. Certainly the tales of Dickens will have been robbed of their darker prints.

Not so long ago, either, Boston was regarded as a city in which a man might lose himself in going but a few blocks. To-day, it is a revelation of what intelligent order and the business-like use of means can accomplish. Its suburbs have sprung up within the last twenty years like creations evoked by a fairy's wand.

A few years ago Salt Lake City, held under the former sway of the Mormon family, was like the accumulation of residences in a vast dirt-heap. But now, under the control of its gentile population, it is made to blossom like a rose. Order, cleanliness, and progress have become its watchwords.

The several colonies of Australia had been bedridden in a way, for many years back,

by a lack of public spirit on the part of its municipal property-holders—especially those of the smaller communities. But a few years ago Queensland set a pace that is now spreading over the entire Australian continent. Its statesmen saw that the creative energy of labor was dormant for the lack of creative means, and proposed that each town, district, or county should be permitted to appoint a body of commissioners with power to lay out county or municipal improvements, such as bridges, public buildings, and roads—subject to the approval of the colony's civil engineer. Each commission was authorized to issue bonds to run during the life of each such improvement; such bonds to be cashed by the colony's treasurer, subject to repayment in installments, principal and interest, by a tax on the property-holders of their respective districts. Some districts immediately availed themselves of this opportunity, and hushed at once the cry of "no work," in the fashioning of that community dress which should make them not only the respected, but the self-respecting example of what an enlightened policy may achieve. Strange to say, there were mossback communities in the political autonomy of the colony property-owners who would not appoint such commissioners, or

allow themselves to be taxed for public improvements, and these communities remained not only a disfigurement of the fair plan, but a ruinous interposition and block to the intersection of adjacent lines. Whereupon the Legislature enacted a law making the selection of such a commission compulsory on the inhabitants of every district, and providing that if they were not everywhere appointed by a given day, the secretary of the colony should appoint them. Even then it was to be noted that a large number of districts revolted and stubbornly refused to make the appointment—in the end, however, to find themselves compelled to take their medicine and to benefit in the general prosperity begotten by its prescription. [Applause.]

Even New York has yet its larger aspirations unsatisfied, its greater destiny unachieved. For many years its larger minded citizens have sought for the powers of a nonpolitical commission in its behalf, so that business directness might make it the Paris of this continent, and thus give to America its mirror of national polish and its Mecca of continental and world-round travel. [Applause.]

So much for a few of the lessons of the world which I have outlined here for the first time, not as intending so much a literal

application of the moral here, but as freeing my mind of things that I wanted to say somewhere.

Gentlemen, I thank you. [Continued applause.]

[From the Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock, October 19, 1894.]

THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR

IN A recent trip around the world, a reporter learned that Mr. Stewart had visited the island of Madagascar, and as much public interest now centers in that island, in view of the complications threatened between England and France with respect to its possession, he was asked to give the readers of "The Gazette" the benefit of his observations, and of his understanding of the present situation, which he kindly gave. Prefacing that he must speak of the subject in a general way, because of the fact that he had not at hand exact data or notes bearing upon the subject, he said:—

The island of Madagascar is situated in the Indian Ocean, near to the East coast

NOTE—This island has since been acquired by France, and the Queen deposed and banished.—Ed.

of Africa, separated from the main continent by the Mozambique Channel. Classifying Australia as a continent, which its inhabitants are wont to do, Madagascar stands as the second largest island in the world, and practically the only island in the world at present dominated by its native population. It has long been coveted by the French nation, which some years ago, under cover of a quarrel on questionable grounds, undertook to take violent control of it by force of arms. In the end, however, in view of the stubborn resistance offered by the natives, France was forced to content itself with a small cash indemnity rather than risk the complications of a resistance so little anticipated.

When I was there, it was openly confessed, by those interested, that France and England had a private understanding to the effect that France might look to final possession of the island by keeping away from the African continent, which was then being scrambled for by Portugal, Germany, and England.

The government of Madagascar has always been opposed, with the exception of the missionaries, to holding intimate relation with the so-called civilized powers. It stoutly refused all propositions looking to the building of roads, and the introduc-

tion of any of those facilities of intercommunication which are generally made by the would-be conqueror as but the first advances of conquest.

The native population is divided distinctly into three tribes—the general race being of the negro stock. The tribe on the eastern coast, the side which is alone at present accessible to foreign commerce, is seen to be docile, indolent, and mirthful. It has a splendid physique, well developed and tall.

The tribe inhabiting the mountain region, which traverses the island from end to end like the spine of the shark's back, is notably small of stature, but, in contrast, possessing a marked intellect. This is the dominating and governing tribe, the head of which, a woman, is regarded as the Queen of Madagascar, under the title of Ranavalona. This tribe is called the Hovas, and what it lacks in physical prowess it makes up in mental caliber that successfully maintains its power over the whole island.

The tribe inhabiting the western coast, facing the African continent, corresponds in temper and disposition to the aborigines of this country. It is fierce, warlike, and intractable; it spurns labor, and while often subjugated, will not be enslaved. It is

because of the cruelties practiced by this tribe on the mariners of ancient times that the island of Madagascar has been woven into so many thrilling tales of murder and adventure.

The Hovas are very religious, and are completely under the influence of the missionaries, mainly the English Episcopal. They affect a very nice civilization of their own, are industrious and ambitious.

The Queen and her court, and her principal families, affect a care in dress, courtesy, and deportment that would argue the possibility of a distinctive race civilization of a high order if left to themselves. The capital is called Tananarivo, and is so situated in the mountains as to be regarded inaccessible to an invading army.

There are no roads anywhere over that vast island. Paths only traverse it in every direction, beaten through the jungles of the shore lands, or through the tropically interlaced forests that cover its mountain sides, and these only by the naked feet of the native rickshaw carriers or freight bearers.

The island is undoubtedly rich in mineral wealth, rich in vast extents of forests of many valuable woods, plants, and flowers. The soil on either shore is exceedingly rich and capable of extensive cultivation.

The chief article of exportation is the dried rofia palm, which is used in the making of ropes and many different fabrics.

Some years ago a mining firm took unauthorized possession of a mine near the coast and began operation. They were warned out by the natives, and refusing to go, were all massacred, with the exception of a lad who alone escaped in a boat to tell the tale.

Some time ago the American, English, and French governments interceded to compel open ports, and three were established on the eastern coast, the principal one of which is called Tamatave, the French being allowed to conduct the postal service of these ports. It was arranged that the Madagascar government should take, as its custom duty, one-tenth in kind of everything that should be imported. Strangely enough the first cargoes were barrels of the vile, maritius rum. But the tenth barrel of this being the property of the Queen, she consistently caused it to be spilled upon the beach, refusing to be a partner to such a corrupting traffic.

During my visit, I was everywhere received with kindness and courtesy by the natives, they bearing no animosity to America, but on the contrary regarding it

with affection and esteem. I was said to be the second American so entertained.

I brought away many souvenirs of the industry and good-will of these people, and with them the saddening conviction that however they might strive, they were destined to fall sooner or later the victims of the insatiate maw of the present European greed for land.

As one of the instances of my sojourn, I might mention that I was received by the native Governor of Tamatave, and shown his treasure chamber in which he and his suite were receiving the yearly taxes of the people which was being assessed in the simplicity of one dollar per head for man, woman, and child. The dollars received were stacked in piles of tens, after being duly counted and recorded, and covered several tables.

On examination, I found many of these coins were of very ancient date and so old as to be regarded with some suspicion and positive dislike by the collectors. These I very readily offered to take up in exchange for new, bright, five-franc pieces, on the plan of the magician in the story of "Aladdin," giving a new lamp for an old one, thus leaving them a hint of that one admitted trait of American character—the ability to swap jackknives with both parties the winner.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

AT the time this interview was had, a Republican treaty for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands had been barred by the interposition of a Democratic Administration. There was very little generally known in regard to these islands. They appeared to be of little value geographically and politically, and of no strategic importance. Mr. Stewart's interview, though all the more interesting now that these islands have become property of the United States, was particularly of value at that time because an impartial statement by an eye-witness of the more important facts.

[From the Advertiser, Danville, N. Y., November 30, 1893. Reprint from the Rochester Post Express of November 24, 1893.]

HAWAIIAN CUSTOMS

(From an Interview by a "Post Express" Reporter Concerning the Sandwich Islands)

I VISITED the Hawaiian group of islands August, a year ago, going over in the steamer *Alameda* of the Spreckels line. On board there was quite a number of passengers, residents of Honolulu and other portions of the Hawaiian republic; all these, however, were white, save three, who were native young ladies with their white chaperones, returning from educational institutes. Two of them, the daughters of the then prime minister of her Majesty, had been educated in London, and one, the daughter of a native sugar factor, in San Francisco. An acquaintance with these gave me my first study of native character, and, on landing, my first introduction to the native powers that

NOTE.—This group of islands have since been acquired by the United States.—Ed.

were—or that may be now, again, for aught I know.

“These young girls were really pretty, and one of them extremely so. The then prime minister was a very handsome specimen of a man, and his wife equally so of a woman, though natives. On my departure from Honolulu these, and many young members of their family, came down to see me off, filling my cabin with tropical fruits and flowers, after the charming custom of that hospitable race; and with many an *Aloa nui* (meaning ‘I love you; good bye’) waved us from the pier.

“On the passage over I made the acquaintance of nearly every one who was to land at Honolulu, and had many long conversations with these concerning their island home, its characteristics, and the traits of its native race.

“During my stay I had an opportunity of meeting many of the prominent people there, and visited nearly everything to be seen. My first introduction on leaving the ship, was to a ‘lord’—a white man; and very soon after to two more lords—also white men. This title, for a while, sounded very strange to me, as I hardly realized as yet that I was in so foreign a country.

“The speech that I heard had an American familiarity, and the sights that I saw

on the first flush of things had an American suggestiveness. There was a city of a decidedly modern appearance—good business houses, good stores of merchandise, good streets, electric lights, gas, and an abundant and cheap cab service. There was a good hotel, and many substantial residences and wealthy homes.

“At the time of my visit the State was conducted in the name of the Queen by a parliament and house of lords. It was three members of the latter body to whom I had been first introduced as lords, which body I found on a subsequent visit to be all white, the house or parliament being mainly natives. All the ministers of her Majesty were white, save only the prime minister. In fact, without any particular bias in the matter, other than the student’s curiosity to see for the time, I concluded that the important offices and the important concerns of the country were in the hands of the whites, the Queen simply standing for the State in the abstract.

“White ladies attended the receptions of the Queen of course; but, after all, perhaps it would have been hard to find a single white lady who really regarded the Queen as her equal. The social structure was an anomaly in such respects.

"As a transparent fiction the Hawaiian kingdom was the home of a native race, and its dignities and honors were supposed to emanate from the native hand; and yet, in fact, the whites were a caste unto themselves, and in ordinary visitation the color line was distinctly drawn.

"The two branches of the government in session occupied but one room separated by a railing; her Majesty's ministers occupying seats on the floor, taking part in the debate, and voting on all questions. I spent three hours listening to the disposal of the financial budget and came to the conclusion that it was a very expensive thing for a people to run a monarchy on so small a scale.

"They had commissioners for all sorts of things with secretaries and interpreters for China, for Japan, for Portugal, and so on, all on good salaries. There were the immigration commissioners. There were their foreign representatives, their postal conventions—navigation and other treaties.

"They have good schools, churches, and a theatre; a good hotel in a picturesque growth of tropical verdure and surrounded by comfortable little cottages. So far as life is to be considered in a modern sense, however, it is really all in or about Honolulu.

"There are seven islands in the group, one of them supporting a picturesque volcano; in fact, it may be said of the country generally, that it is all picturesque. I have been thirty-five thousand miles around the world within the last two years, and I have nowhere seen water so beautiful as about these islands—and particularly in the harbor of Honolulu. The waves there are as the flashing of sapphires of many tints; it is impossible to describe their beauty. The shores are mainly of coral formation, of different tints, and the waters over them, according to their depths, take deeper and more brilliant hues in reflecting the sun's light.

"The islands are all peaks or ridges, with an overgrowth of vivid green to their very tops. Sometimes the mountains are seen to be walls sheer and abrupt, and, as in the case of the leper settlement, an impassable barrier across some of the islands. It was here the Japanese obtained their most valuable and famous sandal wood of years ago, one of the early exportations of the kingdom, still rich in many choice woods.

"All I saw delighted me, and I left my new-made ties in a very sentimental mood—as having realized one of my boyhood's dreams of tropical life. I developed a vein of

sadness through it all, however, that clings to me yet. My professional studies and experience told me that this race was doomed; that it was only a question of another generation or two, and there would be no native queen or native subject, save as born of the alien white race. The native numbers have steadily diminished. The present population is but a handful of the past. The breath of the white race is a baneful, if not a pestilential vapor to all the races of the Pacific islands. It is even so in the Australasias. The last native of the large island of Tasmania, a woman, died ten years ago. The Maoris, of the islands of New Zealand, recede yearly further up the sides of their inhospitable mountains, and, in Australia, the once countless native is being driven as but shreds of the race, on the arid plains, and rarely to be found anywhere among the whites even as a domestic.

"The Hawaiians are a magnificent caste of the colored race. The young girls are often very pretty, the hair more generally straight and luxuriant, the forms erect and supple, the features regular and the voices musical. Of course, there are the opposites of these, for now and then you see a very black face, or a flat nose like that of the Queen, but rarely one with all the charac-

teristics of the African negro—black skin, flat nose, thick lips, and kinkled hair.

“The natives have a great fondness for the white race. As they grow in wealth or intelligence, their one desire is to form ties with these, and unfortunately (as is almost the invariable rule with the island races), there is an equal fondness for the vices of the white, without the white's counterbalancing virtues.

“The Hawaiian kings and queens have all been short-lived. None of them have attained an age that would be called old, nor is there likely to be an exception to this fate.

“With the growing up of the white children, born on the island, there grows a feeling of profound isolation and an intensifying longing for an identity with the life beyond. They realize their position as so utterly apart from the world of which they read; so completely isolated by the mass of waters about them, that while they strive always for the best there is to be found at hand, they have but the one aspiration—to tie on somewhere to the continent, that is to them the earth.

“The present business population is a medley indeed. The smaller stores are divided between the Portuguese—who are there swarming in numbers like our Italian

population here—and the Japanese and Chinese. The sugar and grazing interests are divided between the Scotch, the English, and the American, the native counting as he may. The real business and nicer stores are practically American, as are all the manifest features of advancement to be seen.

“Perhaps, in sympathy, the natives incline more to the English. Certainly, they are more disposed to send their daughters to English schools, and I can account for this on no other supposition than that the natives are treated as more nearly equal by their English friends. Yet the business interests, such as they are, are felt to be dependent on America; and the business future of Hawaii was generally regarded, when I was there, as having its only possible growth, or permanency, in some intimacy with America.

“Annexation was freely talked; annexation was generally hoped for, yet I could but discourage it. I could understand why Hawaiians would like to be identified with America, but I could not see in what respect America would profit by an identity with Hawaii. However, I am no politician and pretend to no knowledge of statescraft, and know no more concerning the merits of the present situation

than any other citizen who reads the daily papers.

"To be sure, I was told, while there, as the general gossip of current talk, that the natives were plundered of their lands on every hand by scheming whites, but of this I have no other evidence.

"It is a manifest trait of the Hawaiians that there are none of them born traders, and few of them that take naturally to work, or manifest an ambition to learn an occupation to which they would consecrate the balance of their lives. They set up no small shops of their own, and even in truck raising the Chinese are the masters, and drive them to the wall; in fact, the Chinese, if the situation were left to them alone, would deprive the native population of the means of competitive subsistence and make these islands an annex of the 'Flowery Kingdom.'

"I say again, one cannot help liking the native Hawaiians, and reading their certainty of extinction, as I have, I cannot help feeling a mournful commiseration for their fate.

"In the immediate future the question will be as to whether there shall be a little white republic out there, or a little white kingdom. The burden, in either case, will be a handful of people and a

few square miles of territory sustaining the imperial or the nation's flag. At present there is an island greed, urgent on the conquering nations of the world, and the race, as yet, appears to be with England everywhere; with the evidence growing that Germany and France, and Italy and Spain are putting their hands into the grab-bag, with Russia looming up with a disposition to seize the bag itself, in the capture of the Australian continent.

"In this respect, it simply remains for the American people to determine whether they will take a few of the stepping-stones of the deep, while they are to be had for the asking, or wait until they are fenced about and a foreign sign put up 'No trespassing.'"

[From the Daily Telegraph, Sydney, N. S. W., Monday, January 30, 1893.]

AUSTRALIA — GOOD-BYE

MR. WILLIAM P. STEWART, of New York, who has been on a visit to Australia, was given a send-off on Saturday by a number of government officers and friends. The government steamer "Premier" left Circular Quay shortly after 11 A. M., and steamed down to Watson's Bay. In the afternoon Mr. Stewart was transferred to the Messageries Maritimes steamer "Ville de la Ciotat." Arrived at Watson's Bay, the party partook of light refreshments.

The Chairman, speaking of Mr. Stewart, said he could say — as it must have struck others who have been brought into contact with him — that he was a true-born American.

[*Cheers.*] *And those who had been in America knew what that meant. ["Hear, hear."] His experiences of the American people, during a visit which he had paid there, were of the most pleasant character. He wished their guest bon voyage, a pleasant and happy future, and a safe and pleasant return to his home. [Cheers.] The kindly feelings shown to him now would, he believed, be extended to him wherever he went. [Renewed cheers.]*

Mr. Stewart, in responding, said:—

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: By this last expression of regard you emphasize my departure from the shores of Australia; you underscore the incidents of my journey throughout its seven colonies, which, like the seven hills of Rome, are destined to become the pride and glory of a race and epoch altogether their own. [Cheers.]

"In returning to this beautiful city, to go out by the door through which I entered into your lives and homes, I left myself but two days within which to collect my effects, to say a few 'good-byes,' and to board the steamer and slip from under the Southern Cross, with only the lessening beatings of the heart to admonish me that I was going out from light and life and love

into the unknown again, into the embrace of fate — intangible and distant.

“This expression, then, was the spontaneity of the moment. The smiles about me and the glistening eyes, seen as the spiritual cast of the rainbow in the mysterious depths, have been gathered together as with the understanding of an hour. There has been haste in all this. There has been no time for conference or make-ready, no opportunity for preparation or design; you came as you were, as you could, and surely, to chorus the sweetest speech that ever came from the lips of Inspiration or Nobility — and manifestly the speech as of this occasion — ‘I love you.’ [Cheers.]

“Your thoughts for me have been as jewels dropping from a brimming heart; your actions have been as the unreckoned blessings of God. All have fallen into my soul as rain into a sandy plain, to seek the deeper channels beneath, and to flow on until some oasis like the present shall give them to the sight and sense again — a joy forever. [Cheers.]

“I will not interpose the thought of shop or country between the seeing and the seen, as here confronted; I will not indulge the man of business or the philosopher. It is only that we are human, and need each other's affection and regard, that we have

weakness as in common that invokes the angels of pity and forgiveness, that we are as one with each other now.

“Pride holds no revel here. It is not in the trappings of state or war that we challenge each other’s admiration and respect, but in the grander role of Men, and in the simpler, yet more radiant garb of Mind.

“We are in the presence of the dear mother England — [cheers], and, under the older symbol of our caste, we are gazing into her lovely face, aging with the lines of maternal devotion and world-wide care. We are all, as of near or remote inheritance, her children, thank God ! — [cheers], and scatter as we may, under whatever skies, we will come back to her, or as in touch with her, with ever the festoons of Christmas and the gifts of the New Year, to feel again the kiss of her maternity, and to renew again and again the ties of home and the consanguinity of a common race and blood. [Cheers.]

“Australians! cousins! it is for the hour — good-bye! I speak this from the lips alone, for the heart will not echo the sentiment of separation.” [Cheers.]

[From the *Telegraph*, Brisbane, Saturday, January 14, 1893.]

AS OTHERS SEE US

OUR AMERICAN VISITOR—INTERVIEWED—"IM-
PRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA"

AS PREVIOUSLY intimated in these columns, Mr. William P. Stewart, of New York, is now on a visit to Queensland. He has spent nearly five months in Australia, and is studying the country and its inhabitants. Yesterday he was waited on by a "Telegraph" reporter and interviewed on his "impressions of Australia."

He was first asked the somewhat comprehensive question: What do you think of Australia?

He said:—

As a first reply, I would say that I suppose that is a question asked of me in

my character as a traveled American, and I am to reply as one who sees Australia as in contrast with his own country. It is easy for any of us to say we like or dislike a thing, but if such an expression is to be worth anything it should be as a conclusion from appreciable premises. With this understanding of your inquiry I am free to say I like Australia exceedingly.

Your question has probably as its object the setting forth of Australia in a comparative economic sense, and this involves the question of relative opportunity. I would therefore answer again, that, as an American, at the threshold of adult life, and considering from my present knowledge where to fix my life in the reasonable hope of the largest immediate success, I should say stay in America; but if I were an Australian, in the like respect, and for a like reason, I should say stay in Australia.

I would not advise the Australian to go to America to begin life again, for he would have to create his identity with the people at some disadvantage, being a stranger, and at a loss of much time in the effort to qualify himself with an acquaintance among and a knowledge of the people and their institutions, which would be essential for a successful establishment in America.

For the same reason, I would not advise the American to come to Australia; but I do not hesitate to say this as to the two countries, the ability and means being equal, to look seriously to the future only, and to purpose work for an establishment late in life, the young man who planted himself in Australia will be surer at the age of fifty or sixty of being established permanently in Australia than he would be in America.

Of course, taking into consideration the manifest anxiety of the young men of our times to acquire means and permanence by shorter processes than their fathers, the opportunity is undoubtedly larger in America; but while this is true, the result would necessarily be the sequence of what is properly termed luck or chance, and the possibilities of failure would be correspondingly greater.

Still I do not hesitate to say that special knowledge, ripened by years of experience in America, would discover direct avenues to success and honor in Australia. So far as I have been able to conclude from unbiased observation, you have in the main a country more desirable than our own. You have a topography as varied and as romantic. You have a coast as picturesque and as healthy. You have a soil as rich and as accessible.

You have a material wealth as inexhaustible, and you have a government as humane and as protective as industry could desire. Your physical disadvantages are those which science will successfully deal with, as it has with like conditions in America; with this advantage in your favor, that where the American dealt with them as a pioneer you will deal with them as beginning with his results.

For yourselves it seems to me you can always be successful enough for your own happiness if you so will. In competition with the peoples of the world for the fortunes of the world, you must take your chance as individuals competing with individuals in any community of endeavor. You will have your opportunity for the time, and you will miss it for the time. You will make your successful ventures, and you will make your mistakes, and thus miss for the day your opportunity for profit; but the individual totality of Australia can never be other than a great and growing success. It will grow wealthy and wise, and it will come to be admitted among the notabilities of the world.

With the great and complex structure of society the application of individual wisdom will grow less directly potent in shaping your political and material destinies,

and with the growing complex relations of nations with each other your statesmanship must necessarily grow less powerful. As dealing with the problem of the nation, the energy of the race will have its say, and the means by which it is here so abundantly capitalized will have its force.

With the individual, however, the problem will always be how best to work out the problem of existence for self, and here it will not be a question wholly of the area of your country, the salubrity of its climate, and its latent resources, as it will be a question of the desire of a man to succeed, and the sentiment that will inspire and reward.

You will have strong men and beautiful women. You come of a great race, and you have a proud inheritance. Why should you not bring up children who will write in their generation the word "Australia" on the same page as England and America? Your humanity is the instinct more of the English race than our own, and is like to the love of a mother—not to be reasoned with or bought or sold.

With this there is the love of the beautiful and the genius to vitalize it more strongly marked than is to be found in the history of any nation in the world of a like age and extent of population. Your

public duties have so far been discharged without material taint of selfishness, and certainly without malfeasance.

To be sure you have been swept under the late tidal wave of speculation which has surged over all the other peoples of the world, and you have sustained loss in consequence. The great centres of wealth have been made for the time dizzy-headed and have ventured beyond the requirements of the hour, and are withholding their favors for the time being, as the swing of the pendulum must return to its first extreme.

The period of rest that in all physical effort must follow an unwonted activity is upon you; but in this case, as with the individual man, sleep restores and ushers in a morrow with renewed strength and hope. You have capable bankers. You have merchants who are in touch with all the markets of the world. You have capitalists who are patriotic. You have young men who are thoroughly Australian, and, who, as yet, are uncowed by reverses. What, then, in the whole aspect is there to justify a national pessimism?

If you read the history of America you will find we have gone through everything you can anticipate. We have had long stretches of business inactivity. We have

had periods of prosperity followed by sudden wind-ups in financial stringency and commercial demoralization. We have had the disorganization of war and eruptions of paralyzing epidemics. We have had great conflagrations, and all sorts of minor troubles. Yet every fresh start has only advanced the country further, uplifted the people higher, and rendered possible a broader attainment of all that was to be considered as a blessing to the individual.

It is hardly likely that Australia will ever be so variously tried. Certainly our history is there for your economists to study, and the history of our government for your statesmen to profit by. There is not any reason to suppose that you will repeat any of our mistakes, while it is certain that you will profit by our successes.

Perhaps the land boom so called is the secret of much of the present individual downheartedness. It is hardly to be regarded as the cause of the present arrestation of general activity, but this is a species of disaster that has reduced many communities in America to a condition quite as despondent.

The land boom of the last ten years is undoubtedly to be written as the most daring and successful organization of the speculative or gambling mind the world

has ever seen, and, I believe, never again to be repeated in its history. When the wreckage is cleared away, I am sure it will not be found to have been an unmitigated evil. On the contrary, I believe it will be found in the main to have moved the world forward at a jump; that is to say, part of it: and the advance will be substantially sustained until the slower and more legitimate lines of growth are advanced to its altitude.

On the whole, however, I believe land booming to have had its day, and such means of anticipating wealth to be mischievous and discouraging.

As a matter affecting to some extent the people of Brisbane, may I ask what are the most popular systems of tramway traction in America?

Practically, the horse is a thing of the past in this respect. It is now a question with towns, and even with villages, to say nothing of cities, as to which mode shall be adopted—the so-called cable or electric traction. My conviction is that the electric system is by far the most popular, and in an economical sense the most immediately practical. To be sure, the cable system is open to no objection on the

score of unsightliness; while the plant of the electric system is very much less expensive, its operation more economical, and the results are equally as satisfactory to the public.

Bangor, Me., has an electric system that climbs rapidly steep hills. The cars are pretty and comfortable. Richmond, Va., has an electric system that also climbs steep hills rapidly, and the service is elegant and satisfactory. Nashville, Tenn., has the most complete and convenient car service of any city I know of. You can be transferred over half a dozen different routes round about the city for a fare of $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. St. Louis, one of the great cities in the United States, after experimenting with the cable system, has adopted almost wholly an electric service that is the most ornate in poles and system of conducting wires that I have ever seen. The cars move rapidly, and a journey of some twelve miles may be had for $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. I could name hundreds of minor cities and towns that have, within the last few years, adopted the electric system.

On the other hand, California, Washington, and, I believe, all the Pacific cities have adopted the cable system. And it is to be confessed that New York has, for the last eighteen months, been providing its

avenues and some of its cross-streets with an expensive and comprehensive cable system; but, in this respect, the electric system could not be regarded as having been in competition, because overhead wires were not to be thought of as at all permissible.

You have, I believe, visited some of our charitable and other institutions. What do you think of them?

Yes, I have visited your lunatic asylum at Goodna, and I was gratified to find that the government in Queensland was in no sense behind her sister colonies in the manifestation of that humanitarian care for her helpless children, which I have found so commendable and so general in Australia. I have nothing to suggest, unless it may be, perhaps, that, instead of mosquito bars for the cots of the sick and bedridden—which they will not make use of, because of their lack of reason—a substitute of fly-screens at the windows and entrances would render individual protection of the cots unnecessary. The doctor in charge is one whom no one could know and not esteem, and—when actuated by my interest in this matter—really love for his devotion to those hapless ones under his charge.

I have visited the penal establishment at St. Helena, and I am only too pleased to

be able to bear testimony to the consideration which is there given to the possibilities of reform as connected with the necessarily exact interpretation of the meaning of punishment; and perhaps the best commentary that I can make upon it all is that I found not a single prisoner undergoing punishment for that violation of discipline which would place him in the solitary cells.

It is a delicate matter for one in my position to publicly commend the government officer, and yet it is with extreme reluctance that I refrain in this instance from such a show of doubtful propriety.

I have also visited your asylum for the aged and incurable at Dunwich. There I talked with many of the beneficiaries, and found them seemingly pleased and contented. Of course youth cannot be restored, nor health, where these have had their day; but repose is there, and the opportunity of preparing for that last great mystery which levels the little distinctions in this life, and rolls its burden aside, as the stone, again, from the tomb of Christ.

Have you seen much of the northern portions of Queensland, especially in connection with the sugar industry?

No, I have not yet visited the northern part of Queensland, and the question with me is as to how much time, if any, I shall be able to devote to that purpose. I would really like to see something of your kanaka labor in actual trial. I may say incidentally that I went on board the barque *Em-preza* and saw one-hundred and fifty-eight of the island blacks about departing for their homes. To me they appeared as having been well treated. They had each a somewhat capacious trunk or box, into one of which I was asked to look, and I saw there a variety of purchases in the shape of cottons and printed cloths and various articles of wear and fancy such as might be the more serviceable with their habits of life.

They had worked out their three-year terms, some having completed a second term of re-engagement. They were under the immediate care of a government agent, and would remain so, I understand, until each one and his effects have been set ashore at his own particular place of embarkation. They are then free to go back to their native existence again, or to re-engage and return for another three years' residence in Queensland—the government agent being active through it all to see that no specious inducement is held out by the

shipmaster to tempt them back to civilization. As to the merits of the problem which their employment suggests, I can have nothing to say, not having sufficient knowledge of the facts.

When do you leave Australia?

It is my present purpose to start from Sydney on the 27th instant, in the steamer *Ville de la Ciotat*. I shall leave the steamer at Shell Isle, then go to La Union, Mauritius, Madagascar, and so on to the east coast of Africa and on to Capetown.

After some further conversation the interviewer retired, the talk having been very interesting.

[From *Table Talk*, December 9, 1892, also reported by *The Argus*, *The Age*, and *Evening Standard*, Melbourne, Victoria, December 6, 1892.]

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION

MR. WILLIAM P. STEWART'S POSTPRANDIAL
SPEECH, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: I read on the roll of acceptances to-night the names of men illustrious in the annals of Australia. I have read many of these beyond the confines of their own country in annals of the general world, as contributors to its general thought and exemplars of its grander wisdom. In such a presence I feel naturally embarrassed with the part you have assigned me. I feel as though I stood in an assemblage of the gods, myself the phenomenon of a mortal merely, dazzled with the glory of the celestial world. To be singly the guest of such a body, to feel that one were worthy of such an honor, would be happiness indeed, but this cannot be mine. I understand full well the regard you Australians cherish

for the great nation of the Northern Continent—[Applause.]—and I instinctively know that it is not with the individual, as such, but with America that you are here in company—that it is not with me, but the people of the United States, you sit, and that in me it is but the American personality you honor to-night. [Applause.]

I regard it as a compliment wholly beyond my deserts that I have been made the occasion of this event. [No, no!] I know that I have not the ability commonly assigned me, and that it can only be your indulgent good-nature that will acquit me now with any show of credit. [Hear, hear!]

I cannot pose as a specimen speaker of my race, or as in any sense an expression of its nobler personality or greater worth. But as you must have a Prince of Denmark in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," I am content to be the play-guest of this occasion, if you will, the lay-figure merely, on which the fashion of your honors may be wrought until appropriated and reciprocated by your cousins across the sea. [Applause.]

But in assuming this *rôle*, I know that it is only in the generic sense that I have been chosen; I know it is not of myself that

you desire to hear me speak, but rather of that great country from which I came.

Of America, then, as first in my heart, let me tell you that you cannot love us more than we love you. [Applause.] That you cannot proffer us a tie of sympathy, of encouragement or affection, that we shall not reach out to embrace with all our hearts. [Applause.] We are children of a common parent, we are inheritors of a common destiny. [Applause.] We have been separated by vast distances and almost voiceless seas. We knew that from the one father and mother there went forth to the world at large the brothers and sisters of our American parents, and that somewhere on the continent of Australia there were cousins of ours who spoke the same language and chronicled the same traditions. [Applause.] But we have been separately forced along the lines of our individual fates, and for years, seemingly, the lines of our lives were not convergent. Now, space has been annihilated by the submarine telegraph, and distance has been mastered by the speed and safety of scientific navigation. Now, we can throb pulses with you in the selfsame day. Now, we can write you without growing gray-headed waiting for a reply. Now, we can read of you almost as read-

ing of the doings of some portion of our own great people. Between us there is no barrier of caste, there is no edict of government, there is no contention of right. [Cheers and applause.]

To be great in Australia is to be honored in America, to be creditable in Australia is to be credited in America. [Hear, hear!] To be sure, we have cast off the rusticity of that old-time home, and we have become citified in all things. Yet the children of America are still taught the same old mother-stories, are still dominated with the same old father-proverbs. [Applause.] We still dye the eggs at Easter, and gather the holly for Christmas — [Applause.]—and I believe in my heart that so long as there is the Englishman, or American, or Australian, this will be so. [Applause.] That so long as this exists, the world will hear the voice of freedom, and humanity be taught the hope of eternal life. [Cheers and applause.]

But here, gentlemen, I must cease for a moment to be impersonal and speak as the individual. I have been all over our patrimony of the New World; I have traveled with the restless instinct of our race; I have read things everywhere from the practical standpoint of the English eye; I have traveled through other nations, and

have listened to other tongues; I have been to the old homestead—England, but I have had through it all the one unsatisfied longing—I have wanted to see our cousins in Australia, for I felt certain they had a wonderful country to show me, and that my boy-cousins would be generous, and that my girl-cousins would be beautiful. [Cheers and applause.]

This one dream of my life has been realized—not by contraries, but as in all things literal and true. From the very first moment of my arrival on your shores I have been met with smiles of welcome. [Hear, hear!] I have been gladdened with the hospitality of love. [Applause.] Not as the instinctive homage paid to the sublimity of achievement, but as the every-day warmth of the blood of a common race, a recurrent joy felt in the consciousness of a mutual worth. [Applause.] I have read of you, I have seen you, and now in my hereafter world, Australia will ever be but a day's journey from New York. [Cheers and applause.]

I have been asked to say a few words concerning the unity of Australia from the American standpoint. As a prelude to these, I would say that you are credited in America with having effected a great ballot reform, with having actually emanci-

pated the voter from the thralldom of his political master, and given him the freedom of his conscience at the ballot-box. [Hear, hear!] In my mind this is the greatest monument that has ever been raised to partisan statesmanship, and the country that has produced such statesmen can be safely trusted to find yet the means of freeing the politician from his party, and so make him the unequivocal oracle of the diviner will of the people. [Applause.] In this connection, gentlemen, I would like to say a word or two on what I regard the duty of the hour—your political watchword should be “educate,” for it is at the ballot-box that armies are now being marshaled. Against this, as against the citadel of empire, the masterful spirits of the day lead on their followers. [Hear, hear!] The missiles employed are as pitiless as were the stones thrown or the clubs used in the first sanguinary warfare of man for supremacy. Never sped from the rifle of a “Tommy Atkins” a bullet winged for a larger mark than may drop in the form of a small pellicle of paper from the stub fingers of some stupid voter. There may be the same committal of sides, the same unreasoning and undying hate of factions, the same arrogant assumption of divine right, of heavenly intervention, of churchly

approval; there may be the same irresponsibility in the ranks, the same selfish aspiration of the officer, the same love of conquest in the general, and of loot in the camp follower. There will be the flag of possession flung over the outer walls of government, and there will be the flag of rebellion carried defiantly within their very portals. Nor is it always bloodless, this warfare of a myriad wills. Though the dead may not be strewn upon the field of battle, they will be seen lying on the pathway of endeavor, up the steep and difficult declivities of aspiration, in disrupted trades, may be, in stifled industries, and in annihilated opportunities. [Hear, hear!] For, with the ballot's overthrow of the established order of things, there will be set up, perhaps, the operations of a new principle—there will be generated the force of a diametrically opposing impulse. [Hear, hear!]

Is it too much to suppose that there are those who would drop their ballots as stones upon the coffin of liberty, and that there are political leaders who would use the voter against his own understanding and desire? Is it not more than life that is assailed and defended at the ballot-box to-day? Is it not order, as the good and wise would establish it, or anarchy, as the

bad and ignorant would believe? [Hear, hear!]

As in the trade of war, so in the trade of politics—the unit in the aggregation of force is not regarded, the individual does not count. It is the officers who may ride to victory, and it is the untitled many who would force wide the gates, and bridge the moats with their unreckoned bodies. But the arbitrament of battle is coming to be regarded with growing horror by the widening minds of humanity. And so there will come the day when the political officer will consider well the effect upon the happiness of the people before he will assume the responsibilities of leadership and order the rank and file of his party to the polls. This then is the duty of the hour, to so educate that the time may come when the voter will hesitate as much to cast the potency of his vote into the scale with the weight of others as would the citizen of to-day first consider the safety of passing life before he drove his carriage across the street. [Hear, hear!]

Now the few words on federated Australia, and I am done. It is in unity that all life is seen, and in its broader association of parts the higher and nobler of its phenomena. There is no separate existence in the protoplasmic state. It is in

the association of sac with sac, of organ with organ, of mind with mind, of state with state, of nation with nation, that the higher organism is wrought. What are the conveniences of the little town compared with the comforts of the many such in the larger city? What is the security of a single individual compared with the signatures of a dozen such upon a single bond? What are the resources and the pledges of one province in comparison to the equated abilities of seven as but one Australia? Alone, you can only be as suspects prowling about each other's homes at night—[Hear, hear!]—together, you can be as friends gathered about a common fireside. [Applause.] Alone, you can only be as spies in each other's camp; together, you will be as sentinels upon the watch tower of a common citadel. [Applause.] Alone, you will be as the slaves of ostentation and competitive pride; together, you will be as the life of an assured estate and an unquestioned dignity. [Hear, hear!] Alone, you will always be liable to the vicissitudes of chance; together, you will live the life of a general average. [Hear, hear!] As a part, you can never be equal to the whole, while as the whole you will always include the part. Shall it be then as foreign states that you divide Australia—[No, no!]
—or shall it be

as a nation—the descendant of a common ancestry—that you will join hands with America and with England, to maintain the peace and freedom of the world? [Yes, yes! and applause.]

I can remember the Dominion of Canada when it existed only in segregated provinces. I can remember the minds of the people in these several provinces, circumscribed by the area of their domains, and mindful of the outside world only as it concerned the narrow circle of their little affairs. [Hear, hear!] Since then they have been given a larger concern, a broader interest—and to-day you will find them everywhere talking as the people of a nation, instead as the idiom-bound citizens of a province. [Applause.]

As they have grown in political breadth, so have they grown in political understanding, in social aspiration, in mental stature. The Canadian of to-day is as unlike the Prince Edward Islander, the Nova Scotian, the New Brunswicker, and him of Quebec, of Montreal, and of Toronto of the anti-federation period, as is the American of to-day, in his national homogeneity, unlike his prototype of the provinces of long ago, when the Indians called us “Yengees,” in their first attempt at English. So will the nationalized Australian one day be to the

provincialist of the present hour. [Cheers and applause.]

There was once a talk of secession in the conclave of the United States, for there were those who would perpetuate slavery under the folds of a flag that was the symbol of universal freedom, but with the emancipation of the slave there were surrendered the banners of secession, and to-day there is no State in the compact of the United States that would not become a rampart of the Union, and sacrifice its all, if necessary, to its preservation. So will it be with United Australia; once a nation, no state will ever wish itself a province. [Continued applause.]

* * * * *

Is it to be wondered at that I love Australia? What are you all if not Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen—emigrants near or remote from those God-crowned islands of the deep. [Applause.] But it is not my mission here to-night to incept a Mutual Admiration Society, I can see that it matters not how many Australians there may be in a party, one American will be enough to complete the circuit of the heart; and I have seen in America that one visiting Australian was enough to make the occasion for an out-pouring of good-fellowship for any number of us. [Laughter and applause.]

In America you are getting to be better known. Its adult life is coming to discard the ideas they got of you from the novels of the bushranger and gold digger species. We have come to realize that Australia can teach us a number of good things ; that while she is younger than we she has started with a more modern perception of what were the needs and safeguards of a people claiming individual liberty. Your founders were men who had realized in the home country what an expensive thing an election could be made, and what a pernicious power the ballot might become when openly to be scanned by the masters who could compel the voter to do his will. You have set up the proper safeguard, and it has gone to America. Nearly all the States there have adopted it, their political parties patriotically considering that what might defeat them for to-day would bring them victory with to-morrow.

You attribute to Americans an individual and political push that you are pleased to believe is peculiar to the people of the United States ; but I say, gentlemen, as disclaiming any other judgment than that of the individual merely, that in your city of Melbourne you have manifested a zeal and push that is unexampled, all things considered ; and that in your character of an

infant nation you have created national property-plants of such breadth of conception, and of such costliness and nobility of purpose as to excite my amazement on every hand, and to make me proud of you, and glad for the human life that is to find all these as but its first step to the zenith of an Australian world. [Hear, hear!] Every day in your midst is but intensifying my love for my race, and rendering clearer that prophetic regard I have always had for its manifest destiny, which, I believe, is to make it the warrior will of liberty, the heart-pillow of faith. [Applause.] I can say this of your country with the strictest regard to truth, and it has gladdened me extremely, that as a people you are as yet in no sense criminal; you have no record of a cruel war, of an oppressed neighbor, or of stolen rights. [Hear, hear!] . . . Gentlemen, I thank you. [Loud applause.]

[From the Evening Standard, Melbourne, Victoria, November, 1892.]

INTERVIEW ON AUSTRALIA

WE MET at Menzies' Hotel the other afternoon a gentleman (Mr. William P. Stewart of New York), who is just about to complete a tour around the world and a journey of 35,000 miles. We were received with that warmth of feeling and good fellowship which characterizes our American cousins whenever they arrive in our midst.

In reply to the queries addressed him Mr. Stewart remarked:—

I have always regarded Australia with great interest and with

PREDISPOSITIONS OF GOOD-WILL.

I have read all that has come to hand, from time to time, concerning it.

As a rule, Americans know very little about Australia. There is rarely any mention of it in the daily papers of the great business centres of that country. To be

sure, we have adopted your voting system very generally in the different States of the Union. We call it "the Australian ballot," and really this one expression has advertised your country throughout the length and breadth of the United States to a degree of effectiveness that could not have been organized in any business way.

By this act we make manifest that the Americans are disposed to profit by the experience of all nations; that no race prejudice stands in the way of its adopting good ideas from any source; that it is disposed to give credit where credit is due, and that in this one act it has paid Australia an unexampled compliment.

Viewed from the standpoint of political probity, the word "Australia" is now a synonym in American politics with "fair play" at the ballot-box.

What is the feeling of the people towards Australia?

I do not suppose you could traverse the entire territory of the States and find among

ITS SEVENTY MILLIONS OF POPULATION

seventy native Americans who would express other than a warm regard for Australia, though you would find few who knew

anything about it, topographically or politically. In a general way, however, they will all know where it is situated, what is its strategic importance in the problem of the world's government, and of the nearness of its kinship to themselves.

There is never a thought in the mind of an American that he will ever find other than an intimate first cousinship in the Australian. He has a basic veneration for the British Empire and a congenital love for the English tongue as a whole, but the average American feels that a serious issue with England is among the possibilities—an event, however, which American statesmen regard as utterly improbable. Whenever the Australian visits America he is received everywhere with hospitality, and with every distinction that he has a right to expect; and, since my arrival in Australia, I have been charmed to find how fully this spirit is reciprocated. I find on every hand gentlemen and ladies who have returned from a visit to America, having lost all prejudices, if ever having any, concerning us, and expressing

AN UNSTINTED ADMIRATION

for us, and bringing back only those recollections of America and Americans which open their Australian homes and

hearts to us when we come into their midst. That such an *entente cordiale* could result other than in near and extended commercial relations is not to be supposed, and certainly such a consummation is to be wished.

Have you realized the anticipation you formed of Australia?

So far my anticipations have been more than met, sentimentally inspired as they were, and poetically colored from the start. I think Sydney has the most beautiful harbor—land and water topography—in the world, and think it will one day be the pride of every man worthy to be called an Australian. I think Melbourne is the “Chicago” of this continent, than which I can apply to it no more distinctive epithet—as crediting its citizens with an energy that is unrivaled on the American continent, and unexampled in the world at large.

I find the Australian has no pent-up Utica, but

A BROAD CONTINENT OF INEXHAUSTIBLE RESOURCES

and illimitable opportunity.

I have not seen nearly all of it that I intend to see before I take my departure, as in all I assert of it abroad I intend to

speak as an eyewitness; but what I have seen of it, as in contrast with other countries I have visited (and I have been over all parts of the United States and Canada, and portions of Mexico, literally over the whole North American continent), leads me to say what I have so far said of it very confidently, and to prophesy in its behalf in the most optimistic vein.

I think that the untraveled Australian does not fully realize to what extent he has been blessed in his country. To be sure, he is at the short arm of the lever as yet, and lifting his burdens at the long arm; but time will reverse this order of things, and life will assuredly become easier to him, and prosperity more abundant, for the same outlay of physical force, than it will ever be to the peoples in the now more favored lands of the world—as popularly supposed.

You have paid some attention to the public institutions out here?

Your public institutions have greatly interested me. I visited all of those in Sydney, and purpose making visits of a like character here. The Darlinghurst Prison, the Callan Park, Lunatic Asylum, the Prince Alfred Hospital, the University, and the

Observatory in Sydney pay a very high tribute to

THE INTELLIGENCE AND HUMANITY OF THE
AUSTRALIANS.

I have met, and been entertained by, their several representatives after a manner that greatly added to my general stock of information, and filled me with a spirit of thankfulness that our race, charged as it is with a love for money-making, should give such lofty evidences of its devotion to the public good.

I have only had time here as yet to drive out to your Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, as seeking thus a mental breathing spell. Your Botanical Garden is evidently to be a bewildering and fascinating maze of forest tangle and flowers. I have never seen anything quite like it before—taking the ravine-like walks and the river side stretches into view.

Your Zoölogical Garden is undoubtedly superior to that of Sydney. I do not think there is a city in the world, even twice the size of Melbourne, that can boast so unique a collection of animals and grounds so interestingly divided up. The animals are all fine specimens of their respective classes. They are cleanly kept and look healthy and natural. I spent the larger

part of two afternoons there making a study, particularly of your native groups.

The plan in the Botanical Gardens of distinctly printing and setting up the names of the different trees, shrubs, and flowers, is one that must commend itself to the favor of teachers and students. At first sight the stretches of newly-dug earth, stuck around with the crossed piece wooden tablets bearing the names of the flower plants that had been set out, have all the appearance of a soldier's cemetery, on

THE SITE OF SOME GREAT BATTLE,

only, in this case, it would appear that the soldiers had been lilliputians.

You have met our prominent men?

Yes, and of them, as a whole, I think you Australians might be proud. I have had the honor to make their acquaintance very generally so far, and have been impressed with not only their unmistakable ability, but their evident directness and sincerity of purpose.

From what I have been able to gather from a superficial study of your political history, I should think that its annals have been singularly free from personal taint or legislative abuse.

And generally?

Concerning my impressions of Australians generally, I need only say "I like them," as furnishing a sufficient text for a eulogy a yard long. I have been to their clubs and to their homes, I have sat at their firesides, I have eaten at their tables, and slept in their company's rooms; I have been out to your great sheep runs; I have visited your suburban mansions, and I have been to the Government House; and I have yet to make my first note of individual comparison.

[From the *Post Intelligencer*, Seattle, May 29, 1898.]

AN IMPETUS TO TRADE

REPRESSING EFFECTS OF THE WAR WILL
ONLY BE TEMPORARY

MR. WILLIAM P. STEWART of New York arrived in Seattle yesterday, and engaged apartments at the Renier Grand Hotel. To the "Post-Intelligencer" reporter he said:—

In making my trip to Seattle, I passed through many of the Middle, Western, and Southern States, and just before my coming here I was in San Francisco. I found business in nearly every State prosperous. The present war is, of course, bound to have, in some localities and in some affairs, a deterrent effect, but I firmly believe its main tendency has been to develop to greater energy the industrial activities of the United States.

* * * * *

There was a feeling with a certain class in the East against the declaration of war,

but now that hostilities are in progress between the United States and Spain, birth has been given to a decidedly universal feeling of unity and nationalism. The war has so crystallized public sentiment that it is now distinctly "American."

* * * * *

I believe the American people are stronger as a nation than ever before, and that in this war they will teach the older countries of the world many points in the science of war.

I have no doubt but that the United States will defeat Spain . . . but at the same time the public should be cautioned that the Spaniards are bold, courageous fighters, and foes worthy of our steel.

I believe the Hawaiian Islands should be annexed. The islands and the people are naturally ours, and the people are more than anxious to become a part of our country. They feel isolated, and desire to get in touch with the civilized world under the wing of the United States.

I also believe we should retain, as a war necessity, all captured territory, and that once our flag is planted on the soil it should never be taken away.

I am unable to see how the United States can abandon the Philippine Islands with

decency and self-respect. We should keep them for the very reason that the Cuban affair was entered upon, if for no other.

The commercial advantages that could result from the possession of the Philippine Islands, would prove of great benefit to the country at large, and of a certainty, give the entire Pacific coast a timely boom.

Besides, a new impetus would be given to the inauguration in those islands of capital and genius from abroad; while, under the humane administration of the United States, the Philippine shores would prove an ideal opportunity for the restricted races of the neighboring continent.

NOTE—Some slight inaccuracies in report have been corrected.—Ed.

[From the Evening Journal, Wilmington, Del., Nov. 5, 1900.]

WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :—

THE toast assigned me to-night is one pertinent not only to this occasion, and to yourselves as strivers, but to all occasions and to the world in general. It is an old aphorism and a trite saying. I cannot tell you of its origin, nor of its age, nor of its nationality. Instinctively, it must have been the primary germ of thought in all life; effectively, it must have wrought for itself that recognition which has made it admittedly so axiomatic.

It is doubtless true that this aphorism pertains to all people and is stored up in all tongues. Of all English proverbs, however, there is none more venerated, quoted, and acted upon.

In the light of our common reason, we must see that in the general order of creation will must have been first. No star could have taken its place in the firmament of

heaven unless there had been first a will that it should take shape. You cannot conceive of two particles of matter jostling together into animate relation without first a will determining that there should be individualized life. Before there was the eye to see there was the wish for it, and the will that it should be. Before there were the legs to carry, the hands to clasp, the wings to lift, there was the groping out through the mere stomach,—through the need of these,—the aspiration that was will-compelled to the realization that perfected the proverb of our toast in the finding of the way.

There was a time, psychologically speaking, when the will had to superintend, as in the order of physical development, the separate functions of the body; now the will in these functions has mostly become automatic, in the same sense in which genius, which first had to turn on and off by hand the steam in the piston chamber, found a way to make the piston rod wait upon itself. The hand-power is still there, but the touch is more remote—in the primary principle of motion—that is to say, in the fire underneath the boiler. So in the human structure, so in the great universe of all—the will is still there, however relegated or remote, and the way is still found.

For the Supreme Will we have no apho-

rism, but for the will of man, recognized in relation to his fellow man, to his natural powers, and to nature's means and opportunities, there is this tritely significant, rightly asserted, and inspiringly applied aphorism,—"Where there is a will, there is a way."

It is not the proverb of crime. It is not the iconoclast that gave this thought significant expression; it was the Builder—the life, the mind, the soul builder—and in itself it is the synonym of creative power, of constructive aspiration, and for the ideal (or moral) as much as for the physically concrete. It is not for the wicked will, for the cruel will, that there shall be the way as of purposed sequence, but for the soul-illuminated will,—that self-poised, set-off will from the great God-Will,—which seeks to operate in harmony with its essential nature and with the essential order of things; it is this will that shall find the sufficient way—that is to say, the right attainment.

In respect to man, will is thus to be regarded as his primary power, as it is evidently that of all nature. But it is not to be conceived of as separated from its identity, nor as unconscious of the object to be attained, nor as a force that is at all times of the one potency and expression. No; herein lies the first admonition of the proverb. You may will to do things, or you may will not to do them.

You may will to a supreme effort, or you may will to sloth and supineness. You may will your vital energy into degeneracy, or you may will it into muscle. In this it is not an affair of its physical size, though in effect this must be more or less potential, as the physical gives it personality even in its mental and spiritual blend. Still, for no one, however at disadvantage in life, can the human will be regarded as divested of the significance of this adage,—“Where there is a will, there is a way.”

But the way—this is where another application of the understanding is to be made. *The way*—how is it to be known, how is it to be sought, and to what end is it to be won? Do we not see that in the development of the life-organism, will strove for eyes and got them, for feet and got them, for hands and got them; and shall we say that it is to stop short at the distinct ego that it now is, to become nothing beyond the wonder we behold and are? No! Through all time will has blazed its own pathway, and will blaze and blaze it through all eternity. What it aspires to get, it will get. What it does not know of its own aspiration it will seek to know, and of this seeking it will come to be. Knowledge is not only power, but *attainment*, and to its infinite enlargement *will is the sufficient key*.

But there is no will except as correspondent to an intelligent "Me." Without its sentiency, will is not conceivable — as of either the finite or the infinite ; nor is the sentient "Me" conceivable without the all-power-inheriting "Will." In this light we come to our discovery of God, and to our conviction and certainty concerning ourselves, and to the belief that there is the "way" for the hope we cherish of another life.

But as to the *way*, again, there is to be considered not only the individual will, but the composite will. That is to say, the direct, generic, ever-exerted will of God and the complex, interwoven will of the many, — together the composite will of the universe of life, to which the free will of man is subordinated and up against which it comes — not as its limit, for this is limitless, but as against the barrier in the particular direction, or for the particular day ; but never the barrier as all-obstructing, nor, for all time, the delay. The individual will is never so wise but that it may make an effort in error, it may take a direction in the wrong, it may seek a goal in a misconception of its needs, and so, in the natural condition of a co-intelligent order, the individual will must be and is necessarily and ceaselessly in check, as it is, by its innate being, ceaselessly stimulated to endeavor, and in this as to its

true objective, by all that appeals to the better nature, that inspires to the higher ideals, and rewards with the consciousness of a worthy attainment.

For you who are here to-night there is nothing of fuller meaning than all this—of more immediate application or of more pertinent conclusion. You are strivers, and as social life has through its complex growth divided off into specific individual endeavors, you have a specific task, to the accomplishment of which you must address your native powers. In what those are lacking you must qualify them, and in this respect always there will be the need of more knowledge, there will be the benefit of the larger light. It is because of this we have been at school together for the last two days, and it will be because of this that we shall go out from this convention, not only expressing a newer energy as of the Man-will, but as realizing in ourselves the awakening of an impelling force as still more largely the urgency of the God-will. For, as the conclusion of all this, we are going to take again into our hearts this lesson of the ages, and bear fresh testimony to its truth in the fresh achievements it shall inspire.

For me there has been its application and corroboration in many ways, but I have had one experience so emphatic as an indorse-

ment of its general truth that I feel I must tell it here as a fitting corollary of what has been said.

In the winter of 1893 I visited the island of Mauritius, en route to South Africa. Here I was agreeably entertained by the powers that be, having introductions that assured me an Open Sesame wherever I went. It is not my purpose to enter into a description of the country or its people, nor into details of my personal adventures or experiences; it is only that I wish to come to the moral of what has been so far said. The day before I was to depart from the island, I went to the Treasury Department, wishing to purchase a quantity of the minor coins of Mauritius, with a view of distributing these in school visitations when I returned to America. For this purpose I wished to secure bright, clean coins, and those which had never been in circulation. I found, however, that there were none to be had in the Treasury Department, and I was referred to the Comptroller's office, to the department which was in charge of the finances of the colony, including its mint output. Whereupon I sought out the Comptroller, but when I expressed my desire to him, he looked at me with amazement, and said:—

“Why, Mr. Stewart, do you know what you ask of me?”

I replied to the effect that I supposed the request was sufficiently plain; it was simply to be an equitable exchange of English or American money for a quantity of the Mauritius coin.

"But," he continued, "it is not that; it is the difficulties involved; it is the enormous amount of bother and trouble you propose to subject me to—and for nothing that concerns me."

"There is, however," I interposed, "the concern of the public,—a question of general amenity and courtesy that properly maintains under special circumstances,—and this is one of those circumstances. I wish to carry away from the birthplace of Paul and Virginia, — the shrine of that beautiful little love story which so many of the world have read, — the most apt souvenirs for presentation at home."

"But, Mr. Stewart," he rejoined, "do you know that, in order to comply with your request, I shall have to summon my three colleagues (the incumbents of three other departments of the state which he named), and that we must all four go together to the big safe of the colony, open it in the presence of each other, removing the seals which had been previously affixed, and record each in his own book the fact that the seals were intact when the safe was opened on such a

date, and that such and such things were done, and that the safe was again closed and duly sealed, and to this we must each severally subscribe our names in each other's book? Now, think of our doing all that, just to satisfy you in the exchange of a trifling sum of money!" With this he gave me a look that seemed to imply that he regarded the situation as inexpressibly astonishing, and apparently with the conviction that this statement of his must end the contention.

"But," I replied to him,—and this shows the wonderful potency of words, and especially words which are symbols of an idea that has gained authority and currency through the realm of mind,—“My dear sir, there is in the English language an aphorism which is almost as old as the hills, that has been venerated almost as the altars of religion. To my knowledge it has never been discredited; I am sure that you yourself would quote it the very next minute as of undoubted veracity.”

“What is that?” he asked.

“It is,” I said, “‘Where there is a will there is a way.’ Now, I am disposed to furnish the *will*.” Looking at him with a pause, I saw the light of a new intelligence flash into his eyes, a suspicion of merriment play about his lips, and then, as catching on with

the flash of the wit thus suggested, he concluded the aphorism with:—

"And I am disposed to furnish the way."

The result was that I was to come back in a couple of hours, as he thought it would take two hours to summon his colleagues and get open the safe, and that I might expect the coin, which I got. But, as I thanked him and was about to go to my carriage to take my departure, with the bags under my arm, he said:—

"By the bye, Mr. Stewart, would you mind telling me what you intend doing with these coins when you take them back to America?"

"Not in the least," I said. I thought I could see that his colleagues had given him a merciless overhauling for so seriously undertaking, at such an expenditure of time and bother, to comply with so unconventional a request. Doubtless they regarded it as but the mere whim of the curiosity-seeking tourist, and the Comptroller had been unprepared to give any other reasons justifying his compliance than just, perhaps, to explain to them the manner in which that venerable adage had been flung at him.

I told him that when I got back to America I should doubtless on occasion be called upon to address the school children, as my most active sympathies were enlisted in the cause

of education, and I had conceived the idea of stimulating their study of geography, and of their specially looking up Mauritius through this means,—that is to say, by emphasizing my talk to them and impressing it upon their young minds by the gift to them of a Mauritius coin as a souvenir.

“Well,” he says, “now that is very commendable, Mr. Stewart, and quite original. But do you mind telling me why you insisted on coins that had never been put in circulation?”

“No,” I said, “I don’t mind telling you that, either. I have a conviction that association has a good deal to do with the color of things, physical and spiritual; and while I do not intend to express what might be understood as a superstitious thought or conviction, I do intend to confess to a belief in the psychological relations of things and sequences. That, in the present case, implies that I should expect better results to follow from the presentation of a clean, untarnished coin than from one that had become tarnished or soiled in a contact, more or less doubtful, with the world of exchange. Money is power for good or for ill. In so far as practicable, I wish so to impress this gift of mine that it shall be, always, to the possessor the symbol, the significance and the power of good only;

and in this thought I desire it to come only and directly from the fountain head of the good—that is to say, its creation at the mint as power—into the hands of the recipient, and from my hands alone, as thus solely invested with my wish, that it shall prove the talisman, to the recipient, of a life's success.”

“Well,” he said, “Mr. Stewart, that is very interesting. I am very glad, indeed, that you told me this, and I am very much pleased, indeed, to think that I have complied with your request.”

So much for the proverb, as I have tested it. And now, gentlemen, it will be for you, bearing this experience in mind, severally to try its powers. I have no longer the Mauritian coins to give you, for they were long since distributed to the schools, and in many notable instances to several like groups of earnest men as now before me. Many curious tales have come back to me from the recipients of these coins, which I may some time or other put into print.

As I have said, I have no more (or but a few) of the original coins; but I have, and will give you to-night, as emphasizing the story of to-night, and as being constantly to you a physical reminder of its truth and what may be its potency and your duty to apply the strength,—I will give you each two

uncirculated coins of France. These will be of the new coin for the year 1900, the Exposition coin, as it were. In my judgment, this is the prettiest coin symbol that France has yet adopted. In seeking these coins, I visited the leading banks in Paris—it was during the early weeks of the Exposition, you will understand—only to find that in no case had they the new coins. They were plentifully supplied with the old. Finally, having been sent from one bank to the other, it was suggested to me that I try the Treasury Department, which I did. And here I spent two hours, going from one official to another for the sufficient consent. In this round I accumulated several pieces of paper, directing me to one department and then to another. In each case I was looked at with amazement, and doubtless with suspicion, and finally, when I got to where the coins could be counted out to me, I was asked by the person in charge, in a very severe manner, what I proposed doing with them. I told him I intended to take them to America and give them away to school children as souvenirs of my visit to the Paris Exposition. The reply did not seem to satisfy him; nevertheless, he counted them out to me.

This story has not so pointed a moral of the proverb as the first one, and yet, after all, you see it partakes of the same charac-

ter. There were difficulties to overcome, there was the need of a persistence, and somewhat the need of the right knowledge. In the end, the will found the way.

Gentlemen, I thank you.

MARTYRED HUMANITY

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

VALENTINE STEWART

PUBLISHED BY
THE SURRY BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK



/814.52S852A>C1/



3 2311 00107 381 9

814.52

6958

S852a

Stewart, William P

Abstract identities

ELMHURST COLLEGE LIBRARY
ELMHURST, ILL

